

The Household Poetry Book

From
Chaucer
to Faber

Aubrey
De Vere

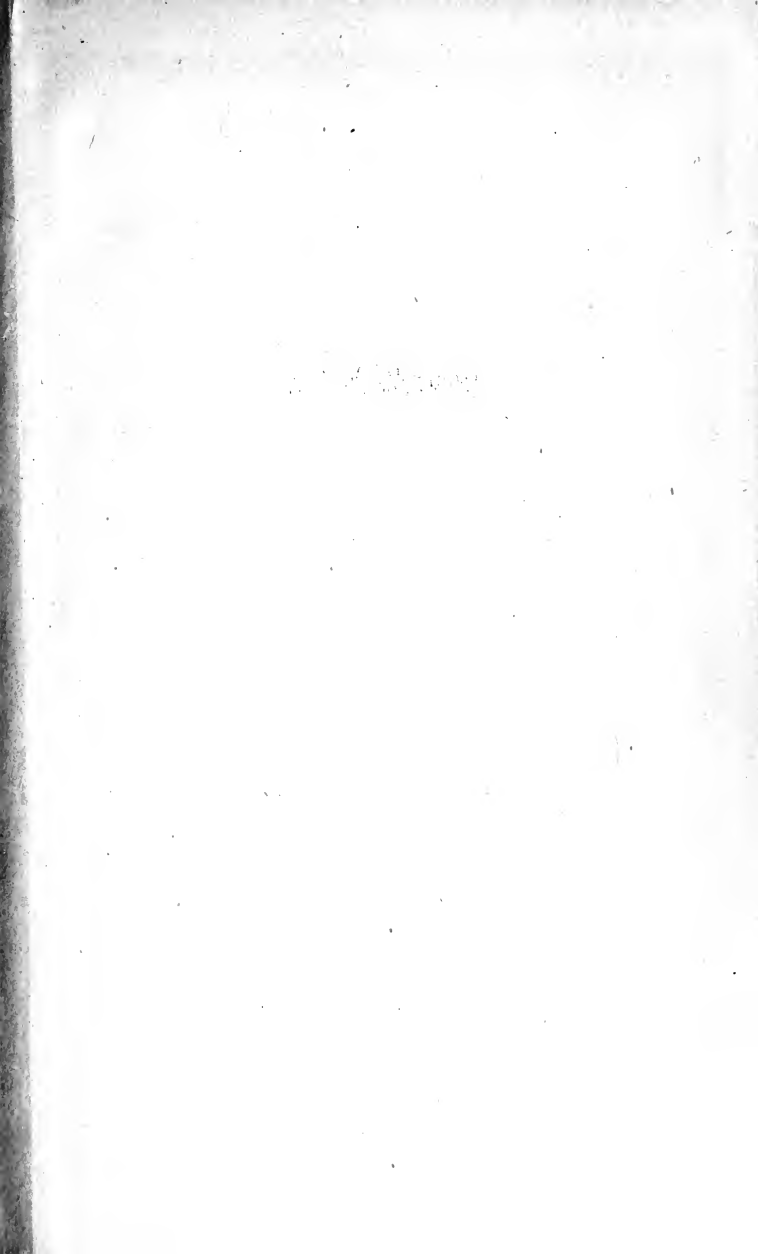


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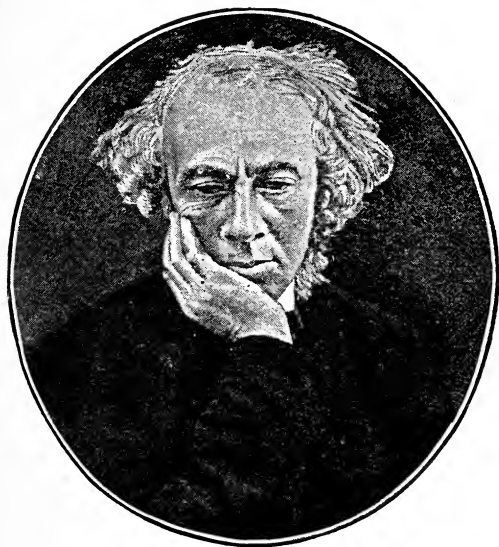
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The Household Poetry Book

An Anthology of English-speaking Poets
from Chaucer to Faber



EDITED BY

AUBREY DE VERE

With Biographical and Critical Notes

BURNS & OATES, LIMITED

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1958

GENERAL

The Poet's Prayer.

THOU PRIMAL LOVE WHO GRANTEST WINGS
AND VOICES TO THE WOODLAND BIRDS,
GRANT ME THE POWER OF SAYING THINGS
TOO SIMPLE AND TOO SWEET FOR WORDS.

Coventry Patmore.

INTRODUCTION.

A GREATER error there can hardly be than that which regards poetry as an art conducive to pleasure only, or, at best, but to intellectual cultivation. Had it no higher function, it would but little deserve to be, what it has so often proved, the delight of youth, the inspiring companion of manhood, and the solace of age ;—it could never have attained that high place which has belonged to it, as one of the most influential powers for the education of the human race. Poetry may, indeed, be degraded ; and very commonly the depth of the degradation is in proportion to the original height of what has thus been brought low :—painting, sculpture, and architecture, kindred arts, which work with inferior materials and within a narrower range, too often have been corrupted by the same malignant influences. But the effect of such degradation is ever the withdrawal of a gift sent to strengthen the human heart and to elevate human action ; while the cause of it is to be found mainly in a low or a false estimate of that which has thus been shorn of its duties and functions.

It is the office of poetry, as Bacon tells us, to “ submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind ;”—meaning by the latter expression, the aspirations of that *mens melior*, or nobler mind, which is the part of man that retains the image of God and thirsts for immortality. The world of sense, since the Fall, has lost the glory of that light which dwelt upon its countenance as it was first created. In poetry a portion of that light is restored ; for poetry is an ideal art, which invests objects with a grandeur, a freedom, and a purity not their own. When we speak of “ poetic Justice,” we refer to the fact, that in poetry

we require a justice more palpable and swift than that which the eye discerns in the course of actual events. When we speak of poetic Truth, we refer to a truth essential and universal, and free from the accidents to which the detail of common things is, in appearance at least, subjected. Not less sacred is that Beauty of which the poets in every age have sung. It is nothing merely material, although it manifests itself in material things. From them it looks forth, as the soul looks forth from the face. It has been called "the smile of truth," and justly; for it is one with goodness, and therefore with truth; and while it expresses truth, it expresses her chiefly in her frankest, brightest, and most genial moods. To have no sense of the poetical is, so far as the imagination is concerned, to lack the happier and larger interpretation of all that lies around us. A merely prosaic version of human life is far from being the true one. Were it such, the Father of lights, Himself the Living Truth, would not, in creating man, have constituted the imagination one of his most powerful faculties;—neither would He have taught by parables.

It is especially in youth that the cultivation of the poetic mind is useful. In its fruitful soil weeds will grow if the good seed be not sown. To unsensualise the mind is one of the great functions which belongs to elevated poetry. Poetry, says Milton, should be "simple, sensuous, and impassioned." His meaning is, that although its origin is from an elevation far above that of the senses, it should notwithstanding so be drawn towards sensuous or visible objects with a certain generous "passion" or enthusiasm, as to penetrate them with its own higher life; while it receives from them in turn a fervour like that which belongs to real life, through which poetry stands distinguished from the colder world of abstract science. But if poetry thus descends to the sensuous, it is by a sort of condescension. It quits its native regions that it may help to harmonise the din of life, and to spiritualise the objects of sense. Amid those objects it reveals an inner world of beautiful and pathetic relations, which to the sensual eye remain as invisible as to the ken of the animal

creation. If we have not learned in youth to penetrate thus into the moral meaning of all that lies around us, it is but too probable that in later life also we shall value them but as they address the senses. If we escape this danger, another remains behind. The world is as strong as the senses; and the conventional relations of things constitute often a prison, and a narrow one, of their own. Poetry is a deliverer from this tyranny of the arbitrary, the petty, and the sordid. It flings a radiance around the great realities of life, which renders it difficult for us to worship in their place the modes and fashions of society. It enlarges the heart through the imagination; it teaches us to sympathise; it enables us to follow the fortunes of others in untried modes of being. It lifts us thus beyond the limits of a merely individual experience, and enfranchises us into the freedom of "no mean city." In removing selfishness it imparts to us greatness; or at least it takes away from us that feebleness which belongs often even to virtuous dispositions. The prosaic nature is the narrow, and, for the most part, the timid nature. It gropes its way, like the blind. It has but imperfectly learned that language, wide and diffusive as light, through which the distant is brought near; or acquired that many-sidedness of mind, so precious when joined with unity of principle and fixedness of heart.

There is hardly a virtue belonging to the youthful character which poetry does not help to train. Generosity, tenderness, and refinement of nature are especially cherished by it; while the hardier virtues—courage, perseverance, and self-sacrifice—the constituents of the heroic character—have at all times been the great objects to which it directs our admiration. There is nothing that exists in the outward life of man which does not find a mirror in poetry. Every tie that binds man to man, every kindly sympathy and cleansing affection, has been the poet's theme. Friendship and love, patriotism and piety, whatever is just and brave in action, whatever is pure in passion or purifying in suffering, has supplied his inspiration. In his song the youthful heart rehearses life. It braces itself

for the conflict that lies before it. Its higher instincts are drawn out betimes, and an elastic and fearless energy is imparted to them. To confine our attention to a single point :—how powerful among the Greeks must not the poetry of Homer have been to develop patriotism ! Why should not the historical plays of Shakespeare have the like influence among our youth ? There are, indeed, among us many who are taught by modern traditions to regard their ancestors, alike and their country, as the mere slaves, during whole centuries, of base superstitions and unmitigated corruptions. Separating themselves from the past, and compelled thus to place their pride in the present, or exclusively in recent times, such persons are to a large extent deprived of those reverential and hallowed associations which constitute patriotism in its higher sense. But they whom this modern and self-confident philosophy enthralles not, —to whom the England of the Edwards and the Henrys, of knights and of crusaders, is still a native place,—they who, however they may be regarded by it, must ever have a country, to which they are united, not by vulgar pride, or sympathy with its material prosperity alone, but by the deepest and holiest bonds of love and reverence,—by what can they more strengthen themselves in patriotic devotion and all loyal service than by the study of that noble poetry which is their country's most ancient heritage and enduring monument ?

Poetry may, indeed, be abused. It is so by readers who are ignorant of its true office, and who assign to it a function yet loftier than that which it can claim. There are many who make poetry a religion, or rather a substitute for religion, and who recognise no other spiritual teaching than that which they find in imaginative literature or art. To such persons poetry quickly becomes what it was once called, *vinum demonum*. It intoxicates, instead of sustaining ; and every thing that it inherits of good is perverted to evil. But those who hold fast by the great realities of authentic Christianity are secured from such error. They know that all the Arts are but the handmaidens of Faith, the “honourable women” that stand around their Queen and watch her eye ; and that in a subor-

dinate position alone they can fulfil their office. For such persons Faith occupies a place that is known and defined ; and the half-legendary world of poetic illustration has an inferior region, and must restrict itself within its proper limits. To substitute imagination for faith, and literature for a Divine Teaching, this is at least not the temptation of those who know that there exists a complete supernatural world, of which all that is best in the natural region is but the emblem. Their temptation is of a less dangerous sort. They are apt, in the fruition of higher lights and stronger graces, to forget that in the great scheme of Providence a beneficent influence attaches also to that which holds but a secondary place. The things of faith are, indeed, certain and divine ; but yet, just because they belong to faith, they are withdrawn from sight. It is the office of Christian art to adumbrate what thus remains hidden, and to consecrate sense with some broken beams of that light which properly belongs to the future region of glory. It is a singular and unfortunate thing, that while from religion alone poetry draws all her true treasures, those treasures are sometimes most valued, though wrongly used, by men who know not whence they come. They cling to beautiful shadows with a credulous observance. Those, on the other hand, who have the reality, slight the image. In religious services, and in those treasuries of the beautiful as well as the true,—which the piety of ages has accumulated in the liturgical books and other devotional writings, and into which almost every portion of the Sacred Scriptures has been transfused and digested,—the higher and therefore more profoundly poetic minds find often that which renders all merely human literature comparatively indifferent to them. A loss, however, cannot but be sustained by society, if not by the individuals in question, when those by whom alone literature of the highest order can be at once rightly appreciated, and studied without danger, relinquish such pursuits to others less fortunately circumstanced.

It is to meet the needs of the young especially that this compilation from the English poets has been made ; but the principle on which its contents have been selected is one which

fits the volume for persons of every age and class, provided that in reading poetry they recognise its moral basis and its spiritual aim. It has been too often thought that poetry, to be fitted for the young, should be of an inferior quality. There cannot be a greater mistake. It is the excellence of poetry to be simple; and unless its theme be of too abstract or recondite a character, the best poetry is that which will most recommend itself to the youthful mind and unperverted taste. The present volume has been compiled with the special intention of including in it nothing that is not in the highest sense poetical, as well as of an elevating morality, or at the least of an unequivocal character in this respect. But the moral, like the religious lessons of poetry, are for the most part of an indirect character. It teaches through the Humanities chiefly. Didactic poetry is commonly the least impressive, because it is poetry which has left its proper sphere and assumed duties not its own. Poetry is indicative, not imperative; and it indicates its great moral lessons by avoiding conventionalities, and presenting us thus with the true and lasting relations of things. Its religious teaching is also for the most part of an undogmatic kind, and addresses itself to the heart. In this volume the selections have been made alike from writers of very various opinions and schools. The extracts follow each other in such an order as will assist the reader to understand the progress of English poetry, and its relations with the history of society. The more ordinary principle of arrangement, by which selected poems are classified according to their subjects or forms of construction, is rendered nugatory by the very nature of poetry, which, in its largeness and freedom, breaks beyond the limits of mere artificial distinctions.

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SELECT POETRY.



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

[Born 1328—died 1400.]

WE know but little of the great Father of English Poetry, the "well of English undefiled," as he has been aptly named; but that little is interesting. He was born in London, as he informs us; and the stock from which he derived his birth was a good, though not an illustrious one. A portion of his studies were conducted at Cambridge; another portion at Oxford; and, according to Leland, he studied subsequently at the University of Paris. He was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the splendid court of King Edward III., who enriched him with several offices of emolument, and, in his more advanced life, of dignity also. Woodstock Park, one of the royal residences, was presented to Chaucer; and beneath the shades of its ancient oaks he resided frequently during thirty years of his life. The estimate in which he was held may be inferred from the circumstance that he was sent by Edward III., in the last year of that monarch's reign, on a political mission to the Republic of Genoa. After the death of Edward, finding himself involved in the political troubles connected with the Lollards, he fled to the Continent; and on his return to England was, for a time, thrown into prison. A few months before his death, Chaucer left his country retirement for a house which he rented in the garden of the chapel belonging to the Convent of Westminster. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and many British poets have since that time laid their bones beside his.

It was not till after he had travelled into France, Holland, and the Low Countries, that Chaucer became known at the English court. He was then about thirty years of age, a man of a commanding presence, and stored with all the learning of the age. It is not surprising that he soon became the idol of the young, as well as the counsellor of the aged. He was especially the friend of King Ed-

ward's fifth son, the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards the King of Castille, but best known by the name of John of Gaunt. It was at his request, and in allusion to events in the life of that brave and chivalrous prince, that Chaucer wrote his "Book of the Duchess," "The Complaint of the Black Knight," and "The Dream of Chaucer." He wrote "*La Prière de Nôtre Dame*" at the request of his friend's wife the beautiful Lady Blanche, and various other poems at that of Queen Philippa, the Countess of Essex, the Countess of Salisbury, the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and others among his friends; and indeed the greater number of his poems seem to have been thus an outgrowth from his friendships. Chaucer was a soldier as well as a courtier, and accompanied Edward III. when he invaded France at the head of 100,000 men. He became allied to the royal family of England, having married Philippa, the sister of John of Gaunt's second wife. This event took place about the fortieth year of his age, after an attachment of nine years, during which the duke had ever befriended him. It was during his courtship that he translated the "*Romaunt of the Rose*," the most celebrated specimen of the earlier French poetry. This work he addressed to Philippa. His brother-in-law presented him with the park and castle of Donnington, at which the poet frequently made his residence, and of which interesting ruins remain.

Chaucer left two sons behind him. The eldest, Thomas, rose to high offices, and was at one time elected Speaker of the House of Commons. His daughter married De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, thus connecting the family of Chaucer, by a second link, with that of the crown.

The person of Chaucer was noble, and his countenance beautiful. He is described as having a face full and smooth, a pale complexion, and hair of a dark yellow. His beard was long and pointed, his forehead large and marble-like in its smoothness, and his eyes ever tended to the ground. As such we commonly see him in the old portraits.

Chaucer's works belong to the first and highest class of English poetry. In the skill with which he delineates character he is an anticipation of Shakespeare; in the sweetness, tenderness, and ideality of his verse, a precursor of Spenser. In spite of the coarseness which belongs to some of Chaucer's poems (and which he lamented on his death-bed), there is also a delicacy and subtle grace, as well as a pathos, about them which are lost in the versions of Pope and Dryden. In the geniality, simplicity, and unlaboured strength of his verse, he reminds us often of Homer. His greatest work is his *Canterbury Tales*, begun at Woodstock after he had past his sixtieth year, and carried on at intervals, in spite of the troubles which assailed his later life, but which neither subdued his spirit nor disturbed its serenity. In Chaucer's poetry a graphic picture is presented to us of England as it stood at its most glorious era; when chivalry was carried by the Black Prince higher than it had ever soared before, and when literature was in its springtide. In his poetry all the knightly worth, the generosity, the high sense of

honour, and the courtesy, that illustrated Edward's court, rise before our eyes; and not less, that spirit of liberty which was then growing up in England, in conjunction with the growth of its municipalities. Chaucer was to England what Dante was to Italy. If he was the "Morning Star" of English poetry, he was not less the Evening Star of the Middle Ages. He is the memorial of what England was in the old Catholic times, and a token of what her literature, then commencing, would have been, but for the Wars of the Roses, which threw her back into barbarism.

This is not the place to discuss the question whether Chaucer wrote *rhythmically* (as Southey affirms) or *metrically*. It may be remarked, however, that the difficulty commonly found in reducing his verse to harmony arises almost wholly from the reader's want of attention to the mode of accenting syllables which Chaucer adopted, whether as a poetic license, or in conformity with the custom of his time. Syllables, or letters, which with us remain unpronounced become vocal in his verse, as *oldé* for *old*, *thingés* for *things*; and short syllables he frequently makes long, as *statúre* for *stature*. How easily this difficulty is removed in reading will be perceived from the following extracts, which are accented in the poet's manner. As for the obscurity of Chaucer, it is chiefly occasioned by the obsolete spelling of his day. This will be observed at once on comparing the first of the extracts which we have given, in which the ancient spelling is retained, with the others, in which it is modernised. The language of Chaucer is an interesting study. A peculiar sweetness belongs to it; amongst other reasons, in consequence of its retaining the plural in *n*, for which, except in a few instances, such as *oxen*, *children*, we have substituted the harsher letter *s*.

I.

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the timé that he first began
 To riden out, he lovéd chevalrie,
 Trouthe and honóur, fredom and curtesie.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordés werre;
 And therto hadde he ridden, none more ferre,
 As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse. * *
 — Though that he was worthy he was wise;
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde:
 He never yet no vilainie' ne sayde,

! unworthy of a gentleman

In all his lif, unto no manere wight ;
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But, for to tellen you of his araie,—
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustían he weréd a gipon²
Alle besmatred³ with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viáge,
And wenté for to don⁴ his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yongé Squier,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor ;
With lockés crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was, I gesse.
Of his statúre he was of even lengthe ;
And wonderly deliver,⁵ and grete of strengthe,
And he hadde be, somtime, in chevachie⁶
In Flaundes, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to standen in his ladies grace.

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
All full of freshé flourés, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting⁷ all the day :
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his gowne, with slevés long and wide.
Wel conde he sitte on hors, and fayré ride,
He coudé songés make, and wel endite ;
Juste and eke dance ; and wel pourtraie and write :
So hote he lovéd, that by nightertale⁸
He slep no more than doth the nightingale :
Curteis he was, lowly and servisable ;
And carf before his fader at the table.

A Yeman hadde he ; and servántes no mo
At that time : for him luste⁹ to ridé so ;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene ;
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily ;¹⁰
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly :
His arwes droupéd not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed¹¹ hadde he with a broun visage :
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the uságe.
Upon his arme, he bare a gaie bracer ;¹²
And by his side, a swerd and a bokeler ;

² a short cassock.

⁵ active.

⁸ in the night-time.

¹¹ a head like a bullock's.

³ soiled.

⁶ on an expedition.

⁹ it pleased him.

¹² armour for the arm.

⁴ do.

⁷ playing the flute

¹⁰ carefully.

And on that other side, a gaie daggére,
 Harneiséd wel, and sharpe as point of spere :
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.¹³
 An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
 A forster was he, sothely,¹⁴ as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
 That of hire smiling was full simple and coy ;
 Hire gretest othe n'as¹⁵ but by Seint Eloy ;
 And she was clepéd¹⁶ Madame Eglentine.
 Ful wel she sangé the service devine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetély ;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,¹⁷
 After the scole of Stratford atté Bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At meté was she wele ytaughte withalle ;
 She lette no morsel from her lippés falle,
 Ne wette hire fingres in hire saucé depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 Thatté no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
 In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.¹⁸
 Hire over lippé wipéd she so clene,
 That in hire cuppé was no ferthing¹⁹ sene
 Of gresé, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
 Ful semély after hire mete she raught.²⁰
 And sikerly²¹ she was of grete disport,
 And ful plesánt, and amiable of port,
 And peiné²² hire to contrefeten²³ chere
 Of court, and ben estatelich of manére,
 And to ben holden digne²⁴ of reverence.

But for to speken of hire consciéce,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She woldé wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 Of smalé houndés hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerdé²⁵ smerte.²⁶
 And all was consciéce and tendre herte.

Ful semély hire wimple ypinché²⁷ was ;
 Hire nose tretis²⁷ hire eyen grey as glas ;
 Hire mouth ful smale, and thereto soft and red ;
 But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehéd.

¹³ shining.¹⁶ called.¹⁹ smallest spot.²² took pains.²⁵ rod.¹⁴ truly.¹⁷ neatly.²⁰ reached.²³ to imitate.²⁶ smartly, *adv.*¹⁵ was not.¹⁸ her pleasure.²¹ of a truth.²⁴ worthy²⁷ straight.

It was almost a spanné brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.²⁸

Ful fetise²⁹ was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale coráll aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedés, gauded all with grene;
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crounéd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelléine, and preestés thre.

II.

THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you my lady, that I lové most,
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you abovén every créature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.

Alas the woe! alas the painés strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
Alas departing of our company!
Alas mine heartés queen! alas my wife!
Mine heartés lady, ender of my life!
What is this world?—what asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldé grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily!
And softé take me in your armés tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agone
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis³⁰ my soulé gie,³¹
To speaken of a servant properly,
With allé circumstances truély;
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthéad,
Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,

²⁸ of low stature.²⁹ neat.³⁰ surely.³¹ guide.

That serveth you, and will do all his life;
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.

And with that word his speeché fail began;
 For from his feet up to his breast was come
 The cold of death that had him overnome;³²
 And yet, moreover, in his armés two,
 The vital strength is lost and all ago;³³
 Only the intellect, withouten more,
 That dwelléd in his hearté sick and sore,
 'Gan failen when the hearté felté death;
 Duskéd his eyen two, and fail'd his breath:
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
 His lasté word was, "Mercy, Emily!"

III.

DEPARTURE OF CUSTANCE.

Custance is banished from her husband, Alla king of Northumberland, in consequence of the treachery of the king's mother. Her behaviour, while embarked at sea in a rudderless ship, is thus described.

Weepen both young and old in all that place
 When that the king this cursed letter sent:
 And Custance with a deadly palé face
 The fourthé day towárd the ship she went;
 But nathéless³⁴ she tak'th in good intent
 The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond,
 She saidé, "Lord, aye welcome be thy sond."³⁵

He that me kepté from the falsé blame,
 While I was in the land amongés you,
 He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
 In the salt sea, although I see not how:
 As strong as ever he was, he is yet now:
 In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
 That is to me my sail and eke my steer."³⁶

Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
 And kneeling piteously, to him she said—
 "Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm:"
 With that her kerchief off her head she braid,³⁷
 And over his little eyen she it laid,
 And in her arm she lulleth it full fast,
 And into th' heaven her eyen up she cast.

³² overtaken.³⁵ message.³³ agone.³⁶ guide, helm.³⁴ nevertheless.³⁷ took.

"Mother, quod she, and maiden bright, Mary!
 Soth is, that through womannés eggement,³⁸
 Mankind was lorn,³⁹ and damnéd aye to die,
 For which thy child was on a cross yrent:⁴⁰
 Thy blissful eyen saw all his torment;
 Then is there no comparison between
 Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.

Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
 And yet now liveth my little child parfay:⁴¹
 Now, lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
 Thou glory of womanhood, thou fairé May!
 Thou haven of refúte,⁴² bright star of day!
 Rue⁴³ on my child, that of thy gentleness
 Ruest on every rueful in distress.

O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
 That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?
 Why will thine hardé father have thee spilt?⁴⁴
 O mercy, dearé Constable? (quod she)
 As let my little child dwell here with thee;
 And if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
 So kiss him onés in his father's name."

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
 And saidé, "Farewell, husband ruthelless!"⁴⁵
 And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
 Towárd the ship; her followeth all the press:⁴⁶
 And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
 And tak'th her leave; and with a holy intent
 She blesseth her; and into the ship she went.

Victáilléd was the ship, it is no drede,⁴⁷
 Abundantly for her a full long space;
 And other necessities that should need
 She had enow, heriéd⁴⁸ be Goddés grace:
 For wind and weather, Almighty God purcháse,⁴⁹
 And bring her home: I can no better say,
 But in the sea she driveth forth her way.

³⁸ incitement.

⁴¹ by my faith.

⁴⁴ destroyed.

⁴⁷ doubt.

³⁹ undone.

⁴² refuge.

⁴⁵ pitiless.

⁴⁸ praised.

⁴⁰ torn.

⁴³ have pity.

⁴⁶ crowd.

⁴⁹ procure, provide.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

SIR THOMAS WYAT was born in Allington Castle, Kent, A.D. 1503. He was educated at Cambridge. In spite of the rumour that he had been attached to Anne Boleyn, he was employed by Henry VIII. on important foreign missions, especially at the court of Spain; and distinguished himself by the ability with which he discharged the duties of an ambassador. He was, notwithstanding, committed to the Tower on his return, but acquitted on his trial; a fortunate circumstance in an age in which innocence afforded no security. Though engaged in a career of constant activity (he was at one time in command of a ship of war), Wyatt found time for studies, which would have left yet more important results behind, had he not been cut off by a fever, at the age of thirty-eight, A.D. 1542. He was noted for the commanding beauty of his person.

ODE.

The Lover complaineth the unkindness of his Love.

My lute, awake ! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun ;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon :
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan ?
No, no, my lute ! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection ;
So that I am past remedy ;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough Love's shot,
By whom, unkind ! thou hast them won ;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain ;
That mak'st but game of earnest payne.
Think not alone under the sun,
Unquit the cause thy lovers plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the moon ;
Thy wishes then dare not be told :
Care then who list ! for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon :
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute ! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun :
Now is this song both sung and past :
My lute ! be still, for I have done.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant ;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can ;
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! — O, forget not this !
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this !

EARL OF SURREY.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, was the son of the third Duke of Norfolk. He was born, as is supposed, in the year 1516, and probably educated at Cambridge, as he was elected high-steward of that university. At the age of sixteen, Surrey was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter to the Earl of Oxford. Surrey was a warrior, as well as poet and courtier. He distinguished himself at the siege of Landrecy, and commanded, afterwards, at Guisnes and at Boulogne. He had previously served with his father in Scotland, and received the order of the Garter on his return. His splendid career was soon brought to a close. In the year 1546 Surrey was committed to the Tower, by the tyrant Henry VIII., on a groundless charge of high treason; one of the allegations in support of which was, that he bore the arms of Edward the Confessor. The Duke of Norfolk, imprisoned at the same time, was saved by the king's death; but his illustrious son was beheaded on Tower-hill in the thirty-first year of his age. Surrey is said to have travelled in Italy; and many traces of Italian literature are to be found in his poetry. He wrote in the ternal metre of Dante, and introduced among us the sonnet form of composition. He was also the first English poet who wrote in blank verse. The works of Surrey and of Wyatt were among the earliest to herald that second period of English poetry which, after an eclipse of a hundred and fifty years, fulfilled the promise of its dawn at the end of the fourteenth century.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOUER NOT BELOUED.

Alas, so all thinges now doe holde their peace,
 Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing;
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe cease,
 The nightés chare the starres aboute doth bring;
 Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great encrease
 Of my desires, wherat I wepe and sing,
 In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case:
 For my swete thoughtes sometime do pleasure bring;
 But by and by the cause of my disease
 Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
 To liue and lack the thing should rid my paine.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote¹ season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale,
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
 The turtle to her mate² hath told her tale.
 Summer is come. for every spray now springs.
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
 The fishes fleet with new repaired scale ;
 The adder all her slough away she flings ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies small ;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings ;³
 Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.⁴
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

LORD VAUX.

LORD VAUX was the second Baron of that name. He was present at the coronation of Anne Bulleyn, on which occasion he was decorated with the order of the Bath. Little more is known of him, except that he was, at one time, a soldier, and commanded in the island of Jersey.

UPON HIS WHITE HAIRS.

[From the "Aged Lover's Renunciation of Love."]

These hairs of age are messengers
 Which bid me fast repent and pray ;
 They be of death the harbingers,
 That doth prepare and dress the way :
 Wherefore I joy that you may see
 Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
 How far my race was for to run ;
 They say my youth is fled with strength,
 And how old age is well begun ;
 The which I feel, and you may see
 Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
 Whose music is harmonical ;

¹ sweet.

² mate.

³ mingles.

⁴ destruction.

Their tunes declare a time from ground
 I came, and how thereto I shall :
 Wherefore I love that you may see
 Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
 No worse them take than I have meant ;
 That after they be laid in grave,
 Their souls may joy their lives well spent.
 God grant likewise that you may see
 Upon my head such hairs to be.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, Lord Buckurst, and Earl of Dorset, was born at Buckurst, in Sussex, A.D. 1527. He studied both at Oxford and Cambridge. He filled successively many of the highest posts in the state; one of which obliged him to take a part, as commissioner, in the judicial murder of Mary Queen of Scots. He died suddenly at the council-table in the year 1608. Sackville was one of our earliest tragic writers, and contributed a legend to the *Mirror for Magistrates*. He was as celebrated for his eloquence as for his political talents and literary accomplishments.

ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES IN HELL.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell
 Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent¹
 With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
 Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent²
 To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
 Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought;
 So was her mind continually in fear,
 Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
 With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky
 Wishing for death; and yet she could not die.

¹ besprinkled.² stopped.

* * * * *

And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire ;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met ;
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,³
Rewing, alas ! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean and some-deal pined away,
And eke⁴ his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say ;
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one ;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree ;
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare.
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare
Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground ;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

* * * * *

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yielding forth a breath ;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown : but as a living death,
So dead, alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere⁵ was he ;
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reever⁶ of sight, and yet in whom we see

³ fetched.

⁴ also.

companion.

⁶ hereafter.

Things oft that tide,⁷ and oft that never be ;
 Without respect esteeming equally
 King Crœsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
 His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
 With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where Nature him assign'd
 To rest, when that the sisters had entwined
 His vital thread, and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast-declining life.

Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
 Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four ;
 With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
 His scalp all pill'd,⁸ and he with eld forlore,
 His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door ;
 Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath ;
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
 Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
 That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
 Against whose force in vain it is to fight ;
 Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
 No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
 But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,⁹
 With visage grim, stern look, and blackly husi :
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,
 That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued ;
 And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
 Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
 He razed towns and threw down towers and all ;

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
 In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
 He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
 Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
 Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd :
 His face forehew'd with wounds ; and by his side
 There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

⁷ happen.⁸ bare.⁹ clothed.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, the glory of Queen Elizabeth's court, presented there the image of a chivalry which belonged rather to that of Edward III. A scholar, a soldier, and a courtier, he was great alike in all the walks of greatness. The estimate in which he was held by the world at large is attested by the foreign throne which was offered to him; while such was the love entertained for him at home, that all England wore mourning at his death. He died on the field of Zutphen. His character is happily illustrated by a well-known trait. A cup of water had been brought to assuage his dying thirst; he waved it away, pointing to a wounded soldier beside him, and saying, "He needs it more than I." The variety of his pursuits prevented Sidney from attaining as high a degree of excellence in literature as would otherwise have been reached by him, even in his brief career; but his poetry, which is replete with beauty, purity, and refined grace, is marked not less by a peculiar and chivalrous nobleness, characteristic of him who was regarded as Europe's first gentleman. At his family seat, Penshurst, many memorials of Sidney are preserved; and amid the groves of Wilton still remains "Sidney's walk." It is a memorial, bet'n of him and of his celebrated sister, the Countess of Pembroke, in concert with whom he wrote his *Arcadia*. Sidney was born in 1554, and died in 1586, at the age of thirty-two.

SLEEP.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
 To me that feel the like thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

II.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low.

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease¹
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;
 O, make in me those civil wars to cease :
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;
 A chamber, deaf to noise and blind to light ;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

MARLOW.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW was born A.D. 1562, and died A.D. 1593. In genius he was a forerunner of Shakespeare. Unfortunately his moral being stood in no proportion to his intellectual ; and thus was lost to the world one who would have ranked among her greatest poets. The religious troubles of the age had produced, not only great dissoluteness of morals, but also an incipient spirit of infidelity. Several of the early dramatists were sceptics, and Marlow, whether justly or not, has been branded with the name of atheist. After leaving Cambridge, he betook himself to London, where he became a writer for the stage. He lived a reckless life among his dramatic compeers, and fell, at the age of thirty, in a drunken brawl, stabbed through the head with his own dagger. His most important works are his narrative poem, *Hero and Leander*, completed after his death by Chapman, and two tragedies, *Edward the Second*, the first important contribution to England's historical drama, and *Faustus*, the basis of Goethe's celebrated work. The chief characteristics of Marlow are an impassioned imagination and a masculine vigour, alluded to in the well-known expression, "Marlow's mighty line." His genius was appreciated in his own day. "That elemental wit, Kit Marlowe," is the mode in which he is designated by one of his contemporaries ; and Drayton speaks of him as "bathed in the Thespian springs."

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,

¹ press, crowd.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born A.D. 1560, and underwent his martyrdom A.D. 1595. Of all the hundred and twenty-eight Catholic priests put to death in Elizabeth's reign, not one was more worthy of pious commemoration. Descended from an ancient family in Norfolk, he was educated on the Continent, and became a Jesuit at Rome. While on the English mission, he resided chiefly at the house of Anne, Countess of Arundel, who died in the Tower of London. He was thrown into prison in 1592, where he remained three years, during which time he was put on the rack ten several times. Nothing could be proved against him, except what he confessed;—that he was a Catholic priest, and prepared to die for his faith. Such was the condition of the dungeon in which Southwell suffered his long captivity, that his own father petitioned that he might be released from it, although but to die. On the 21st of February 1595, he was hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, being subjected, during a prolonged death, to those horrible tortures commonly undergone by the martyrs of that reign, tortures to which he replied only by repeatedly making the sign of the cross. Besides his poems, which possess a solid energy of diction, as well as a noble spiritual elevation, Southwell left behind

him two works in prose, which abound in beauty and pathos, *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears*, and the *Triumphs over Death*.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day :
The saddest birds a season find to sing ;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where words are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feeblér part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend :
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish ;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

EDMOND SPENSER.

[Born 1553—died 1599.]

EDMOND SPENSER, descended from the ancient family of that name, was born in London about the year 1553. In 1569 he entered Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was the intimate friend of two of the greatest men who distinguished the Elizabethan age, Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a frequent guest of the former, at Penshurst; and the latter visited him at Kilcolman, his Irish home. Both of them are recorded in his verse. Spenser accompanied Lord Grey of Wilton to Ireland, as his secretary, and obtained, in the county of Cork, a grant of 3026 acres out of the forfeited lands of Desmond. He married, in the year 1594, a lady whom he has celebrated in many of his sonnets, as well as in his "Epithalamion." The next three years of his life were spent apparently in domestic happiness and literary labour; and in his *Fairy Queen*, much of which was composed during that period, we have many records of the delight with which he regarded the beautiful scenery, at that time for the most part a forest, in the neighbourhood of which his castle was placed. This period of repose was followed by a calamity in which his fortunes were wrecked. In the war consequent upon the rising of Tyrone, Spenser's house was burned by a party of the Irish. The poet with his wife escaped; but one of his children perished in the flames. His former friend and patron, Essex, would doubtless have restored his fortunes; nor is it likely that he would have been neglected by the Queen, who had, several years previously, conferred upon him a pension of 50*l.*, and to whom he had, in 1596, presented his remarkable tract on the government of Ireland: but his heart was broken. He died in January 1599, and was buried, at the expense of Essex, in Westminster Abbey, not far from the grave of Chaucer. All the poets of the age attended his funeral, and threw verses into his grave.

His great poem, long as it is, carries out but half of the author's

design. It has been believed by some that the remaining portion of it was burned with his castle; while others have asserted that it had been sent to England, but was lost through the carelessness of a servant. We possess, however, no conclusive evidence that the work was completed.

The poetry of Spenser belongs to the first order. There is a salutary purity and nobleness about it. He is a connecting link between Chaucer and Milton; resembling the former in his descriptive power, his tenderness, and his sense of beauty, though inferior to him in homely vigour and dramatic insight into character. In ideality and imagination he has an affinity with Milton, but with Milton rather as represented by his "Comus," and other early poems, than at that later period when his genius had submitted to the chains of Puritanism. The *Fairy Queen* is the chief representative in English poetry of the romance which once delighted hall and bower. In this respect Spenser is in British verse what Ariosto is in Italian; except that in the northern poet there exists, with a more serious mind, a far deeper appreciation of what was best and truest in the spirit of chivalry. In his freshness of moral, and warmth of religious sentiment, Spenser reminds us yet more of Tasso than of Ariosto. Notwithstanding his polemical allegory of Duessa, a sorry tribute to the age, nothing is more striking than the Catholic tone that belongs to Spenser's poetry. The religion and the chivalry of the Middle Ages were alike the inspirers of his song. He belongs to the order of poets who are rather the monument of a time gone by than an illustration of their own. He was admirable in his appreciation of classical mythology, as well as in his use of the chivalrous legend; and merits, in a peculiar sense, those epithets of "learned" and "sage," which he applies to poets. In the legend of Irena (or Ierne), the distressed and captive lady whom Artegall (*Fairy Queen*, book v. canto 1) was sent to deliver from thrall, Spenser has been said to have alluded to the condition of Ireland. If so, the difference of his views, as poet, from those indicated in his political tract is remarkable.

THE HOUSE OF HOLINESS.

[From the *Fairy Queen*, book i. canto x.]

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To House of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to heavenly blesse.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
'Gainst spirituall foes, yields by and by,

Or from the felde most cowardly doth fly!
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory:
 If any strength we have, it is to ill;
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

* * * * *

There was an auncient house not far away,
 Renowned throughout the world for sacred lore
 And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
 It governd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
 From Heaven to come, or thether to arise;
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
 In goodly thewes and godly exercise:
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere¹
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,
 The porter opened unto them streight way.
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low;
 For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
 But, entred in, a spatious court they see,
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;
 Where them does meete a francklin² faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
 His name was Zele, that him right well became:
 For in his speeches and behaveour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

¹ companion.

² freeman, or gentleman.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squire,
 Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
 In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
 And knew his good to all of each degree;
 Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a squire so great persons to greet.

And afterwarde them to his dame he leades,
 That aged dame, the lady of the place,
 Who all this while was busy at her beades;
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
 That, to redeeme thy woeful parents head
 From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
 Yett ceasest not thy weary soles to lead;
 What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting³ hether stray?

Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place; or any other wight,
 That hether turnes his steps: so few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right!
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way:
 O foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay?"

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O matrone sage," quoth she, "I hether came;
 And this good knight his way with me addrest,
 Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to Heaven is blowne." The auncient dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And entertheynd them both, as best became,

³ unawares.

With all the court'sies that she could devyse
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe, two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia⁴ hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like Hevens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horroure made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke that was both signd and seald with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza⁵ hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to Heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

* * * * *

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not come;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease for evermore."

Then said the aged Cælia; "Deare dame,
And you, good sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while

⁴ Faith.

⁵ Hope.

I read⁶ you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.”
 Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd:
 His name was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
 To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
 She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,⁷
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
 That none could reade except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whitt;
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker witt of man could never reach;
 Of God; of grace; of iustice; of free-will;
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from Hevens hight:
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
 Almighty God her gave such powre and puissance great.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
 By hearing her and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forelore;
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes!

But wise Speranza gave him counsel sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold

⁶ counsel.⁷ graced.

Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
 Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
 She found herself assayld with great perplexity ;

And came to Cælia to declare her smart ;
 Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and advisement right ;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same ; his name was Patience.

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief :
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
 Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief ;⁸
 And thereto added wordes of wondrous might :
 By which to ease he him recured brief,
 And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption and infected sin,
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
 And festring sore did ranckle yett within,
 Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin :
 Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
 Whereas he meant his cōrrosives to apply,
 And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate ;
 And dieted with fasting every day,
 The swelling of his woundes to mitigate ;
 And made him pray both earely and eke late :
 And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
 Amendment readie stili at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
 That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

⁸ proof.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
 Was wont him once to disple every day :
 And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play :
 And sad Repentance used to embay⁹
 His body in salt water smarting sore,
 The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

CHARISSA—CHARITY.

She was right ioyous of her iust request ;
 And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
 Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
 Of love ; and righteousnes ; and well to donne ;
 And wrath and hatred warëly to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
 And many soules in dolours had fordonne ;¹
 In which when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde ;
 Her name was Mercy ; well knowne over all
 To be both gracious and eke liberall :
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
 To leade aright, that he should never fall
 In all his waies through this wide worldës wave ;
 That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
 Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
 Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
 Which still before him she remov'd away,
 That nothing might his ready passage stay :
 And ever when his feet encombred were,
 Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbears ;
 As carefull nurse her child from falling oft does rears.

Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
 That was foreby the way, she did him bring ;
 In which seven bead-men,² that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high Heavens King,
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing ;

⁹ bathe.¹ destroyed.

prayer-men.

Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were travelling;
 And one sate wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
 Of all the house had charge and government,
 As guardian and steward of the rest:
 His office was to give entertainemēt
 And lodging unto all that came and went;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent;
 But such as want of harbour did constraîne:
 Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertaîne.

The second was an almner of the place:
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace:
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede:
 He had enough; what need him care for more?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
 But clothēs meet to keep keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemely to array;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay;
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more than that why they in bands were layd;
 And he, that harrowed³ Hell with heavie stowre,⁴
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;

³ laid waste.

⁴ calamity.

For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.

O man ! have mind of that last bitter throw ;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.

Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould !⁵

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone .
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread :
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

* * * * *

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
 Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy ;
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply :
 His name was Hevenly Contemplation ;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him given had ;
 For God he often saw from Heavens hight :
 All were his earthly eien⁶ both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt⁷ was his spright,
 As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,

⁵ dishonoured.

⁶ eyes.

⁷ piercing.

That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile ; but, by her helpe, the top at last he wonne.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast :
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.

Who, when these two approaching he aspid^s,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore ;
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight ?

“ What end,” quoth she, “ should cause us take such paine,
But that same end which every living wight
Should make his marke, high Heaven to attaine ?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia ? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.”

“ Thrise happy man,” said then the father grave,
“ Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save !
Who better can the way to Heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine ?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the Majesty Divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come, thou man of Earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne ;
That never leads the traveler astray,

^s beheld.

But, after labors long and sad delay,
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis."

That done, he leads him to the highest mount ;
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billowes like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writt in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone :

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
 Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
 For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
 Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
 Through famous poets verse each where renownd,
 On which the thrise three learned ladies play
 Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
 A little path, that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly citty led his vew ;
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song !
 The citty of the Greate King hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed angels to and fro descend
 From highest Heven in gladsome companee,
 And with great ioy into that citty wend,
 As commonly as frend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

" Faire knight," quoth he, " Hierusalem that is,
 The New Hierusalem, that God has built

For those to dwell in that are chosen his,—
 His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt :
 Now are they saints all in that citty sam,
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam."

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,
 That great Cleopolis⁹ where I have beene,
 In which that fairest Fary queene doth dwell,
 The fairest citty was that might be seene ;
 And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
 Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was :
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene ;
 For this great citty that does far surpas,
 And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre of glas."

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man ;
 "Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
 The fairest peece that eie beholden can ;
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
 That covett in th' immortal booke of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt :
 For she is heavenly borne, and Heaven may iustly vaunt.

And thou, fair ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted Elfin sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,¹⁰
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field :
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to Heaven shall thee send ;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :
 For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a saint, and thine owne nation's frend
 And patrone : thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *Englând*, the signe of victoree."

⁹ City of Fame.

¹⁰ shame.

REDEMPTION.

From a "Hymn of Heavenly Love.

* * * * *

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
No lesse than angels whom he did ensew,¹
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew;
And all his offspring into thralldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine,
Of never-dead, yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie, like creature long accurst,
In that deep horror of despaired hell,
Him wretch in doole² would let no longer dwell;
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme
And pay the price, all were³ his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reignéd with his glorious Syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse⁴
And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre;
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde:
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for man's misguyde;⁵
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde.
So taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart.

¹ follow. ² sorrow. ³ notwithstanding. ⁴ reduced. ⁵ misdeed

Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
 And sharply launcing every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soul did dart,
 Doing him die that never it deserved,
 To free his foes that from his breast had swerved.

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound,
 Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never staunch,
 But stil do flow, and freshly still redownd
 To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
 And cense the guilt of that infected cryme
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme?

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
 O glorious Morning Starre! O Lampe of Light!
 Most lively image of thy Fathers face!
 Eternal King of Glorie! Lord of Might!
 Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds benight!
 How can we thee requite for all this good,
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
 But love of us for guerdon of thy paine.
 Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
 Had he required life for us againe,
 Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine?
 He gave us life, he it restored lost,
 Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,—
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;^o
 Ne ought demaunds, but that we loving bee,
 As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand;
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
 And next our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
 He first to us our life and being gave;
 And after, when we fared had amisse,
 Us wretches from the second death did save;
 And last the food of life, which now we have,
 Even he Himselfe in his dear sacrament,
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

* * * * *

Then rouze thyself, O Earth, out of thy soyle
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
 Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne :
 Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
 That thou this souveraine bountie mayst behold,
 And read through love his mercies manifold.

* * * * *

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
 And ravisht with devouring great desire
 Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
 In flame with love, and set thee all on fire
 With burning zeale, through every part entire ;
 That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
 But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
 And all earthes glorie on which men do gaze,
 Seeme dust and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
 Compared to that celestiaall beauties blaze,
 Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes and lumining^r the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
 With heavenly thoughts farre above humane skil ;
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' idee of his pure glorie present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
 With sweete enragement^s of celestiaall love,
 Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in Heaven ? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is :—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts : but O ! th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !

^r giving light to.

^s passion.

How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love and nothing for reward :
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard ?

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere ;¹
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near ;
 Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough ;
 Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough ;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough ;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill :
 So, every sweet with sour is tempered still ;
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easy things that may be got at will
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain ?

FROM "THE EPITHALAMION."

Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;
 The rosy morn long since left 'Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb ;
 And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
 And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;
 The thrush replies ; the mavis descant plays ;
 The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this day's merriment.
 Ah ! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that you should now awake,
 T' await the coming of your joyous make,²
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
 The dewy leaves among !
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

¹ brier.² mate.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mazeful head.
 There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Faith and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour and mild Modesty;
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her will;
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
 That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, A.D. 1552. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards served as a soldier in France, the Netherlands, and Ireland. His naval career was yet more renowned than his military. His services against the Spanish Armada gained him glory; and he was appointed general of the expedition against Panama; his success on which occasion so considerably increased his fortunes, that he was able to build a stately residence on the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, awarded to him by the queen. He had already received a grant of 42,000 acres at Youghall out of the Desmond forfeitures. On various other expeditions,—in part of a colonising character, and in part of what would now be called a buccaneering one,—Raleigh displayed extraordinary courage and enterprise, and not a little unscrupulousness. He experienced, however, the vicissitudes of fortune. The favour of Elizabeth had been uncertain: her successor deprived Raleigh of his estate to bestow it on his favourite, Carr; and threw him into prison upon charges never proved. The most adventurous man of the time languished in captivity during fifteen years. He solaced himself by the composition of his *History of the World*; a work which proves that, like many others in that age of heroic strength united with keen and hardy intellect, he had not forsaken the pursuits of learning amid the storms of public life. After an unsuccessful expedition to Guiana, which the king had permitted him to undertake,—a permission which had amounted either to a recog-

dition of his innocence, or to forgiveness,—Raleigh was executed in Old Palace Yard, on the 29th of October 1618; the original sentence against him being thus carried out after the lapse of years.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

[Attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.]

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good and doth no good;
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters ;
And as they shall reply
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness ;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention ;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay ;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming ;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell Manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth ;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing ;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to courts,
 Fly to fond worldling's sports;
 Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
 And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
 Where mirth's but mummery,
 And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
 Sad troop of human misery!
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
 Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
 The rich attendance of our poverty.
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
 Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers;
 Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
 But blustering care should never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * * * *

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
 For ever mirth's best nursery!
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
 Which we may every year
 Find when we come a-fishing here.

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,

To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

SHAKESPEARE.

OF Shakespeare, the greatest modern poet, almost as little is known as of Homer himself. He is to us but as a voice:—nature's oracle and interpreter. Little more has been recorded of him than that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, A.D. 1564, of an humble origin; that he left the country for London, having previously, and when but eighteen years of age, married Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself; that in London he supported himself by acting, and by writing for the stage; that he made a competent fortune, and retired to his native place; and that he died there in 1616 at the age of fifty-three. So indifferent to fame was Shakespeare, that, not only did he write nothing after he had left London, then in the fulness of his powers, but he took no pains to preserve those plays which had been the most successful ever known in England. We owe our possession of his works to the accident of the actors having preserved the copies given to them in order to allow them to learn their several parts.

Shakespeare possessed all the great qualities of poetry in perfection, and united them with the utmost penetration, compass, and depth of philosophic intellect. His expressions have become household words; and it is through his plays that thousands have grown acquainted with the history of their country. Invention and imagination (the creative and the shaping powers), passion and pathos, inexhaustible fancy, vigour of conception, and wealth of description, power and felicity of language, strength, and sweetness, the largest intelligence, and the happiest temperament, a profound sense of the humanities, and an equally profound sense of the beautiful,—all these qualities, found separately elsewhere, are in Shakespeare combined. He is the most truthful of poets: yet in his delineations of character, it is not the *individual* merely, with the

accidents and conventionalities that belong to the individual, which we contemplate. Without ceasing to be individual, his characters are *generic* also; and thus exhibit to us the universal moulds of nature, and an exposition of humanity as it exists in all places and ages. Such poetry could not exist except sustained by a spirit at once moral and human; and, despite an occasional license of language, which belonged to his age, but in which he indulges far less than his dramatic contemporaries, there is a soundness at heart, and a cordial wisdom about Shakespeare's dramas, which makes them (when rightly understood) a mine of morality and of philosophy, as far as such qualities can easily be put forward in dramatic form. The religion of Shakespeare is not known. That he was a Christian no one who appreciates his poetry can doubt; and it is as certain that his religious tone has no sympathy with the sect or the conventicle. It has been frequently remarked, that in the whole series of his historical plays, in which he so often delineates ecclesiastical persons and treads on tender ground, he never is betrayed into a sneer, or drops a hint in sanction of that polemical tradition which grew up in the courts of Elizabeth and James the First, and which nearly to our own time has indirectly transmitted itself through English literature. The contrast in this respect between Shakespeare and several of his dramatic contemporaries is remarkable.

EXHORTATION TO MERCY.

Merchant of Venice, act iv. scene 2.

The quality of mercy is not strained,
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this scepterèd sway;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute of God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

LORENZO AND JESSICA.

Merchant of Venice, act v. scene 1.

Lor. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls !
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
 Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood,
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand ;
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change its nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :—
 How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Per. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,

Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Music, hark!

[*Music.*

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, madam

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!

THE EXILED DUKE'S PHILOSOPHY.

As you like it, act ii. scene 1.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.¹
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

FIDELITY.

As you like it, act ii. scene 2.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

¹ A belief of Shakespeare's age.

Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
 All this I give you : let me be your servant ;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty but kindly ; let me go with you :
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed ;
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having ; it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and royalty.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Richard III. act i. scene 4.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
 And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling
 Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life.
 O, then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow¹ like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
 "Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears

¹ Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI

Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

POLICY.

Hamlet, act i. scene 3.

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dul' thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't, that the opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

CONSCIENCE.

Hamlet, act iii. scene 3.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven !
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,—
 A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what 's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
 To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? What rests ?
 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
 O limèd soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe :
 All may be well.

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

Henry IV. part ii. act iii. scene 1.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?—Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SONNETS.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store.
 By terms divine, in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed,—without be rich no more.
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held ;
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days—
 To say, " Within thine own deep sunken eyes,"
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise ;
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer, " This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine :
 This were to be new-made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

Oh! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live ;
 The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves—sweet roses do not so,
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming
 I love not less, though less the show appear :
 That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days :
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

DIRGE OF FIDELE.

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash :
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renownèd be thy grave :

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude !
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh, ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot !
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh ho ! &c. &c.

SERENADE TO SYLVIA.

Who is Sylvia, what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,
 For beauty lives with kindness ?
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

FAIRY SONG.

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moone's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
 In their gold coats spots you see,—
 Those be rubies, fairy favours:
 In those freckles live their savours.
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

GILES FLETCHER.

GILES FLETCHER was a cousin of Fletcher the dramatist. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became a clergyman. Little is known of his life. He died at his living of Alderston, in Suffolk, A.D. 1623. His poem entitled the *Temptation and Victory of Christ* deserves a high place in the religious poetry of England. In its imaginative and allegorical vein it resembles Spenser. The diction of it possesses a remarkable affluence, vigour, and expressiveness.

CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

The birth of Him that no beginning knew,
 Yet gives beginning to all that are born,
 And how the Infinite far greater grew
 By growing less, and how the rising morn,
 That shot from Heav'n, and back to Heav'n return,
 The obsequies of Him that could not die,
 And death of life, end of eternity,
 How worthily He died, that died unworthily;

How God and man did both embrace each other,
 Met in one person, Heaven and Earth did kiss,
 And how a Virgin did become a mother,
 And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,
 And maker of His mother, and how bliss
 Descended from the bosom of the High,
 To clothe Himself in naked misery,
 Sailing at length to Heav'n, in Earth, triumphantly,—

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse
 Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
 O Thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
 And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of Hell,

Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd, to swell
 With better thoughts, send down those lights that lend
 Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
 The love, that never was, nor ever can be penn'd.

DESCRIPTION OF JUSTICE.

She was a virgin of austere regard :
 Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind ;
 But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
 Her eye with Heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
 Her laming sight : for she the same could wind
 Into the solid heart, and with her ears,
 The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
 Within her breast, but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
 Securely, without tempest ; no sad cry
 Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,
 Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in tears,
 With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
 Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
 And round about her mighty thunders sound :
 Impatient of himself lies pining by
 Pale Sickness, with her kercher'd head up wound,
 And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
 But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
 And airy mountains shake, and frightened shadows howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
 Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
 Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
 Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
 His winged steps ; for who would not refuse
 Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,
 That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
 Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight ?

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
 That needs will lead the way he cannot see :
 And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
 And in the midst, Strife still would roguing be

Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree :
 And round about, amazed Horror flies,
 And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes,
 And underneath, Hell's hungry throat still yawning lies.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
 She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,
 There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
 Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward ;
 There hung the score of all our debts, the card
 Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted :
 Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
 But when that scroll was read with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard,
 When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
 And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afeard,
 Blindel with seeing, durst not touch the same,
 But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
 On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
 Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
 All Heav'n to hear her speech did into silence draw.

DESCRIPTION OF MERCY.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
 Clamber the azure mountains thrown so high,
 And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
 That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
 Cloth'd with such light, as blinds the angels' eye ?
 How may weak mortal ever hope to file
 His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate style ?
 O, raise thou from his corse thy now-entomb'd exile !

One touch would rouse me from my sluggish herse,
 One word would call me to my wished home,
 One look would polish my afflicted verse ;
 One thought would steal my soul from her thick lome,
 And force it wand'ring up to Heav'n to come,
 There to importune, and to beg apace
 One happy favour of thy sacred grace,
 To see (what though it lose her eyes?) to see thy face.

If any ask why roses please the sight ?
 Because their leaves upon thy cheek do bow'r ;
 If any ask why lilies are so white ?
 Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r :

Or why sweet plants so grateful odours show'r ?
 It is because thy breath so like they be :
 Or why the orient Sun so bright we see ?
 What reason can we give, but from thine eyes, and thee ?

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,
 Where beauties indeffourishing abide,
 And, as to pass his fellow either seeks,
 Seems both to blush at one another's pride :
 And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
 Ten thousand Graces sit, and when they move
 To Earth their amorous belgards from above,
 They fly from Heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

All of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,
 And with so wondrous art the quills are wrought,
 That whensoever they cut the airy glade,
 The wind into their hollow pipes is caught :
 As seems, the spheres with them they down have brought :
 Like to the seven-fold reed of Arcady,
 Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did fly
 To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

* * * * *

Her upper garment was a silken lawn,
 With needlework richly embroidered ;
 Which she herself with her own hand had drawn,
 And all the world therein had portrayed,
 With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
 That seem'd the world she new created there ;
 And the mistaken eye would rashly swear
 The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

Low at her feet the Earth was cast alone
 (As though to kiss her foot it did aspire,
 And gave itself for her to tread upon),
 With so unlike and different attire,
 That every one that saw it did admire
 What it might be, was of so various hue ;
 For to itself it oft so diverse grew,
 That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd anew.

And here and there few men she scattered,
 (That in their thought the world esteem but small,
 And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
 So short, and small, and slender wove them all,

That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
 About some mole-hill, so they wandered ;
 And round about the waving sea were shed :
 But for the silver sands, small pearls were sprinkled.

So curiously the underwork did creep,
 And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
 That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep ;
 But those that near the margin pearl did play,
 Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway,
 As though they meant to rock the gentle ear,
 And hush the former that enslumber'd were :
 And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

THE RESURRECTION.

But now the second morning from her bow'r
 Began to glisten in her beams, and now
 The roses of the day began to flow'r
 In th' eastern garden ; for Heav'n's smiling brow
 Half insolent for joy began to show ;
 The early Sun came lively dancing out,
 And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
 That Heav'n and Earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
 Began t' emblazon from her leavy bed :
 The waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep,
 And every bush lay deeply purpured
 With violets ; the wood's late wintry head
 Wide flaming primroses set all on fire ;
 And his bald trees put on their green attire,
 Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)
 Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
 Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
 And, if they chanc'd to slip the prouder pines,
 The under corylets did catch the shines,
 To gild their leaves ; saw never happy year
 Such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer,
 As though the aged world anew created were.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
 And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red ?
 Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
 And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed :

Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,
 So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
 So never let the Heav'ns with lightning blast you,
 Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
 So often wanders from his nearest way,
 As though some other way thy stream would slide,
 And fain salute the place where something lay?
 And you, sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,
 Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
 Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And thou, fair spouse of Earth, that every year
 Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
 How chance thou hotter shin'st and draw'st more near?
 Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spy'd,
 That in one place for joy thou canst not hide;
 And you, dead swallows, that so lively now
 Through the fleet air your winged passage row,
 How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
 Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,
 And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
 As though you would somewhere be carried,
 With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
 But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
 You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go:
 There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

THE ASCENSION.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
 And let the Prince of Glory enter in;
 At whose brave volley of sidereal states,
 The Sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;
 When, leaping first from Earth, he did begin
 To climb his angels' wings, then open hang
 Your crystal doors;" so all the chorus sang
 Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
 The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
 And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
 The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,

Set all their flow'rs a-smiling at the sight ;
 The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
 Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
 The flaming lamb, breaking through Heav'n hath passage
 found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,
 To see the pow'rs of Hell in triumph led,
 And with small stars a garland intercha'st
 Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,
 That was before with thorns degloried :
 After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
 In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
 Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
 Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
 The hollow vaults of Heav'n for triumph rung :
 The cherubims their clamours did confound
 With all the rest, and clapt their wings around :
 Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw,
 And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
 But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
 Seeking their Heav'n out of their Heav'n to find,
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
 That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud :
 And all the virgin souls in pure array
 Came dancing forth and making joyous play ;
 So him they led along into the courts of day.

So him they led along into the courts of day,
 Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
 But in that house eternal peace doth play,
 Acquieting the souls that new before
 Their way to Heav'n through their own blood did score,
 But now, estranged from all misery,
 As far as Heav'n and Earth discoasted lie,
 Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLESSED.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
 Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
 That on God's sweating altar burning lies ;
 Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly noise,

That angels sing, to tell their untold joys ;
 Their understanding naked truth, their wills
 The all, and self-sufficient goodness fills ;
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
 No fear of death the joy of life devours,
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
And old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain ;
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe ;
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know ;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears ;
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
Th' unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears,
 And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
 Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood,
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass :
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls, for dust, it seem'd to have,
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Light'ned the Idea Beatifical ;
End and beginning of each thing that grows ;

Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear;
 Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
 That no where is contain'd, and yet is every where.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
 Before, and after all, the first, and last:
 That moving all, is yet immovable;
 Great without quantity, in whose forecast
 Things past are present, things to come are past;
 Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie;
 At once absent, and present to them, far, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
 No sweet consent; or well-tim'd harmony;
 Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
 Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
 A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
 A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
 A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
 That no satiety can e'er unlace:
 Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds outwear,
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless evening that remains
 Amongst those white flocks and celestial trains
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes; and frame
 That heav'nly music of so wond'rous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

PHINEAS was the elder brother of Giles Fletcher, and, like him, was a clergyman. He possessed high poetic gifts, which were rendered nugatory by his preposterous choice of a subject. His *Purple Island* is a poetic treatise on anatomy, written in the form of allegory, and perversely adorned with much of poetic imagery out of place.

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state !
 When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns !
 His cottage low and safely-humble gate
 Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns :
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep :
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their silken lives : nor silken pride :
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed :
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite :
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
 Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise ;
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
 And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes :
 In country-plays is all the strife he uses ;
 Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses ;
 And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
 Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :
 The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
 With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent :
 His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;
 Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
 While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
 His little son into his bosom creeps,
 The lively picture of his father's face :

Never his humble house nor state torment him ;
 Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
 And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER are names inseparably united by the dramatic works which they wrote in common. Francis Beaumont belonged to the ancient family of Beaumont ; he was born, and, in his early life, lived at their seat, Grace Dieu, in Charnwood Forest ; and was, so far as is known, a Catholic, his family having survived as such to a period long subsequent to that of the poet's death, which took place A.D. 1616.

John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Fletcher, Bishop of London, and was born A.D. 1576. He died of the plague in 1625. Their mutual friendship constitutes the greater part of what is recorded of these two poets, who, as we are told, had "a single bench in the same house between them, and wore the same cloak." The *Maid's Tragedy*, and *Philaster*, two of their best plays, are attributed to Beaumont exclusively ; and Fletcher composed many, likewise, unaided. Beaumont is supposed to have possessed most of scholarship, robustness, and taste ; Fletcher the more luxuriant fancy. With Ben Jonson they take rank immediately after Shakespeare. Their genius could not but have made them, long since, far more generally known, had it not been for the immense mass of their works, in which what is first-rate is obscured by what is of inferior worth. A sadder defect is the indecency which defaces many of their plays. That these have not been expurgated long since is the more inexcusable, as it is well known that immoral passages were frequently introduced into plays by the actors for the amusement of a ribald audience, and without the knowledge of the authors.

FROM THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

Aspatia, forsaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne. The expression of her sorrow to Antiphila and the other attendants thus concludes :

* * * * *

Then, my good girls, be more than women wise,
 At least be more than I was : and be sure
 You credit any thing the light gives light to,
 Before a man. Rather believe the sea
 Weeps for the ruin'd merchant when he roars ;
 Rather the wind courts but the pregnant sails,

When the strong cordage cracks ; rather the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
Forced by ill fate, take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead cold aspics, and of them make lovers ;
They cannot flatter nor forswear ; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,—
Oh that beast man ! Come, let 's be sad, my girls.
That downcast eye of thine, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila ;
Just such another was the nymph CEnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila !
What would this wench do if she were Aspatia ?
Here she would stand till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble ! 'Tis enough, my wench :
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Antiph. Of Ariadne, madam ?

Asp. Yes, that piece.

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila.
You're much mistaken, wench ;—
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was ;—do it by me ;
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert ; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face,
If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow,
Thus, thus, Antiphila : strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument ; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless ; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture !

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF PHILASTER.

Philaſter's deſcription of his Page to his miſtreſs Arethuſa.

Arelhusa. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?

Philaster. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck
I found him sitting by the fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears :
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses, and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify, and how all order'd thus
Express'd his grief, and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow ; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT, a descendant of the ancient family of that name, was born A.D. 1593. His manifold accomplishments rendered him a universal favourite, and qualified him for success in any walk of life. After much consideration he resolved to shun court favour and the public gaze; and he became a clergyman. His life

was passed in the exact discharge of his professional duties, and in the composition of poetry. For conscientiousness, simplicity of life, piety, scholarship, and intellectual refinement, he was alike admirable. His poetic genius was of a high order; and, in spite of quaintness and occasional conceits, his poems must ever be valued for their depth and vigour of thought, as well as for their condensation of diction. He died A.D. 1632.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

MATIN HYMN.

I cannot ope mine eyes
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning soul and sacrifice,
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart?
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts, and richly, to serve thee;
He did not heaven and heart create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;
 That this new light which now I see
 May both the work and workman show ;
 Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON was born A.D. 1574. At an early age he served as a volunteer in Flanders, and highly distinguished himself; especially on one occasion, when he engaged with an enemy in single combat, and slew him, in the presence of both armies. Another instance of his high spirit he exhibited after he had become a writer for the stage. Marston and Chapman had been sent to prison, soon after the accession of James to the English throne, on a charge of having reflected injuriously on Scotland in a comedy entitled *Eastward Hoe*. Jonson having had a part in the composition of the play deemed it his duty to share in the responsibility, and voluntarily accompanied his fellow-dramatists to prison. His dramatic career was eminently successful; and his fortunes were further improved by royal favour, and the liberal payment which he received for his court masques. In his later life, being reduced to distress by sickness, he found a munificent patron in the Earl of Newcastle; to whom, as a mark of his gratitude, he presented a dramatic interlude on the occasion of a royal visit to the earl's country seat. He died in the year 1637.

Jonson was the most learned of the English dramatists; and valued himself especially on his adherence to the ancient models. He is excellent alike for the perfection of his plots, his vigour in the conception of character, and the robust power of his diction. A man of a fiery temper, as well as of a daring spirit, his life was occasionally embittered by literary quarrels. The charges of malevolence and vindictiveness so long reiterated against him appear to have been brought forward on insufficient grounds. He has recorded, in the most expressive terms, his admiration of Shakespeare, whom he was accused of having depreciated.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

[In *Cynthia's Revels*.]

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close :
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that makest a shade of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

SONG.

[In the *Silent Woman*.]

Still to be neat, still to be drest
 As you were going to a feast ;
 Still to be powder'd, still perfumed :
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace :
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art ;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

SONG OF NIGHT.

[In the *Masque of the Visions of Delight*.]

Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
 And spread thy purple wings ;
 Now all thy figures are allow'd,
 And various shapes of things ;
 It must have blood, and naught of phlegm ;
 And though it be a waking dream,

Chorus.

Let it like an odour rise
 To all the senses here,
 And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
 Or music in their ear.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be,
 Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May;
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was born A.D. 1589, and descended from a family of the same name, long settled in Devonshire. He was in part educated at Oxford, after which he betook himself to the court of Charles I., of which he was one of the most brilliant ornaments. His poems possess a singular sweetness, freshness, and grace. Unfortunately a few of them are not free from a license in remarkable contrast with the refinement of the greater number. Carew died A.D. 1639.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
 Thou had'st, in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties, lived unknown,
 Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
 And with it impt the wings of Fame

That killing power is none of thine;
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine:
 Thou art my star, shinest in my skies;
 Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
 Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate:
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born at Broughton Place, Kent, A.D. 1568. After the accession of James I. to the English throne he was appointed ambassador at the court of Venice. In later life he became a clergyman, and was made provost of Eton. A man of learning, piety, and blameless life, he must ever rank among the worthies of early English literature. He died A.D. 1639

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies ! pleasing troubles ;
 Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles ;
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
 Honour the darling but of one short day,
 Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin,
 State but a golden prison to live in
 And torture free-born minds ; embroider'd trains
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill ;

I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
 I would be rich, but see men too unkind
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected while the ass goes free ;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
 Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud ;
 I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;
 Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd if poor ;
 Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.
 I have wish'd all ; but now I wish for neither
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair,—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
 Would beauty's queen entitle me " the fair,"
 Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
 Angels¹ with India ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb
 As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs ; be call'd great master
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
 Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives :
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine ;
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts ! welcome, ye silent groves !
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
 Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring ;
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face ;
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears :
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn to affect a holy melancholy ;
 And if Contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne'er look for it but in Heav'n again.

¹ Pieces of money.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born at Salisbury, A.D. 1584. In early life he resided at Wilton, and partook of that munificent patronage which the Pembroke family extended to men of letters. It was, however, withdrawn before long; and Mr. Gifford, who affirms that Massinger was a Roman Catholic, conjectures that to the circumstance of his having, when at the University of Oxford, abandoned the Church of England, we are to attribute the severance of that friendly tie. On leaving Oxford, Massinger settled in London, where he scantily maintained himself by his dramatic writings. The *Virgin Martyr*, the first printed of Massinger's works, appeared in 1622; but there can be little doubt that he had written much before that period. Hardly any incidents of his life have been recorded; but the number of plays which he wrote (many of them unfortunately lost) proves that that life must have been an industrious one. His death was sudden. On the 17th of March 1640, he retired to rest in good health, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. Little as is known of Massinger, it is admitted by all his biographers that his character was "one of singular modesty, gentleness, candour, and affability." His literary career was a constant struggle; for fortune never smiled upon him. His writings breathe a spirit incomparably nobler and manlier than that of his contemporaries generally; they are wholly free from the servile political maxims and, in a large measure, from the grave offences against religion and morals with which the stage in his time abounded. Their merit consists less in the vigour with which they delineate passion than in their dignity and refinement of style, and the variety of their versification. To wit they have no pretensions.

FROM THE "VIRGIN MARTYR."

The place of execution. Antonius, Theophilus, Dorothea, &c.

Ant. See, she comes;--
 How sweet her innocence appears! more like
 To Heaven itself than any sacrifice
 That can be offered to it. By my hopes
 Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
 In my belief; nor can I think our gods
 Are good, or to be served, that take delight
 In offerings of this kind; that, to maintain
 Their power, deface this master-piece of nature,

Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer Heaven !

* * * * *

She smiles,
Unmoved by Mars ! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

Theo. Derided too ! Despatch, I say !

Dor. Thou fool !

Thou gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of.
What is this life to me ? Not worth a thought ;
Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better : even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world ;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth ;
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.
Forget for shame your Tempè ; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards :—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The power I serve
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades ; for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

* * * * *

Enter Angelo, in the Angel's habit.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve
(For thou art more than mortal), is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit ?
For, put off thy divinity, so looked
My lovely Angelo.

Angelo. Know, I am the same :
And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first won me

(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them)
 To guide your steps. I tried your charity,
 When, in a beggar's shape, you took me up,
 And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
 As you believed, my famished mouth. Learn all,
 By your example, to look on the poor
 With gentle eyes ; for in such habits often
 Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
 Nor will I now ; for I am sent to carry
 Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
 Your martyrdom once suffered.

DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, a Scotch poet, worthily sustained the poetic fame which, in the fifteenth century, had been won for that country by King James I., Dunbar, Douglas, and others. He was the son of Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, at which place he was born A.D. 1585. After his father's death, Drummond resided at his paternal home ; and, in the midst of its beautiful scenery, cultivated his literary talents. His life was not a happy one. A lady to whom he was attached was cut off by fever but a short time before the day appointed for their marriage ; and a pathetic memorial of his grief remains in his poems. He spent eight years in foreign travel after this affliction ; a circumstance to which we may probably attribute the degree in which his sonnets, hardly inferior to those of Petrarch, are formed after the Italian model. While abroad he made a collection of books and manuscripts. On his return he repaired the ancient family mansion, and set up upon it an inscription ending with the words, "*ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus, instauravit, 1638.*" The hope expressed in these words was not fulfilled. As a royalist, he was harassed during the civil wars ; and on the death of his sovereign his spirit seems to have been broken. He died A.D. 1649. He had, in his forty-fifth year, married a lady named Elizabeth Logan, whose attraction, in his eyes, consisted in her resemblance to his early love.

Scotland has reason to be proud of Drummond. Till the appearance of Burns he was her greatest poet. His genius, however, is by no means marked by the hardier characteristics of the north. Both in its excellences and defects, its character is southern ; and it strikingly illustrates the influence which was exercised by Italian and Spanish upon English literature till the great Rebellion,—an influence which, after the Revolution, was superseded by that of French letters. Drummond wrote Latin as well as English poetry, and left behind him a history of the five James's, kings of Scotland.

The celebrated visit of Ben Jonson to Hawthornden gave rise to a stupid tradition respecting a quarrel between him and Drummond, for which no adequate grounds ever existed.

SONNETS.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought,
 In Time's great periods shall return to naught;
 That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
 I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays,
 With toil of sp'rit which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
 That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
 I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
 That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
 Where sense and will envassal Reason's power;
 Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
 But that, alas! I both must write and love.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends,
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
 (Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
 If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
 Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
 May thee importune who like case pretends,
 And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite,—
 Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
 And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
 Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
 Enamour'd smiles on woods and flowery plains?
 The bird, as if my questions did her move,
 With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

Sweet soul, which in the April of thy years,
 For to enrich the heaven, madest poor this round,
 And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
 Most blest abides above the sphere of spheres;
 If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
 From looking to this globe that all upbears,
 If ruth and pity there above be found,
 O deign to lend a look unto these tears,

Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice;
 And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
 My offerings take; let this for me suffice,
 My heart a living pyramid I raise:
 And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
 Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
 Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
 Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
 Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd;
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
 Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath;
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

Alexis, here she stay'd, among these pines—
 Sweet hermitress, she did all alone repair;
 Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
 More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:
 Here sate she by these musked eglantines;
 The happy flow'rs seem yet the print to bear;
 Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
 To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
 She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morn
 Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
 Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
 Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
 But, ah! what serves 't t' have been made happy so,
 Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?

Sweet spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
 Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours
 And happy days with thee come not again;
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
 Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.
 Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
 When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

URANIA.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
 And too long panted on the ocean streams ;
 Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
 Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
 Ah, when I had what most I did admire,
 And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
 I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
 A naught, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
 Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,
 For only thou canst grant what I do crave :
 Thy nail my pen shall be ; thy blood mine ink ;
 Thy winding-sheet my paper ; study, grave :
 And till my soul forth of this body flee,
 No hope I'll have, but only, only thee.

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

[From *Flowers of Sion*.]

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head :
 Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
 As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
 By darkness would imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day ;
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

The weary mariner so fast not flies
 A howling tempest, harbour to attain ;
 Nor shepherd hastes (when frays of wolves arise)
 So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,



As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times and envy's eyes.
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While senses' light mind's perspective kept blind ;
Now, like imagined landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find :
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is a life obscure, and silent grave.

The last and greatest herald of heaven's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts mild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild ;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled :
There burst he forth ; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, repent !

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well-pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven ?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

As when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who both by sword and flame himself instals,
And, shameless, it in tears and blood doth drown,

Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
 His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
 But that some statue, pillar of renown,
 Yet lurks unmain'd within her weeping walls :
 So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wreck,
 That time, the world, and death, could bring combined,
 Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
 Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind :
 From this so high transcending rapture springs,
 That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April show'rs,
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name :—
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death make us our errors know.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O, how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
 Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
 O, how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

CRASHAW.

RICHARD CRASHAW was the son of a preacher at the Temple church in London. He was born, as is supposed, A.D. 1615, and educated, first at the Charter House, and subsequently at Cambridge, where he became a Fellow, and where he published his Latin poems. Refusing subscription to the covenant, in 1644, he was ejected from the university, and reduced to abject poverty. He had previously acquired a high reputation as a preacher. Shortly afterwards he renounced all future hopes of preferment by making his submission to the Catholic Church. He went to Italy, and was appointed a canon of the cathedral of Loretto. He died A.D. 1650.

Crashaw has been much neglected, notwithstanding the encomiums on him pronounced by Pope, and reiterated in later times by Coleridge. His religion was doubtless one cause of this neglect; and another may be found in the occasional quaintness and conceits which he shared with Herbert, and which were increased by his admiration for the writings of the Italian poet Marino.

In spite, however, of a redundant fancy, and the *dulcia vitia* into which it betrayed him, there is an exquisite beauty, richness, and tenderness in the poetry of Crashaw, as well as a noble devotional fervour, and an occasional sublimity. In his translation from Marino's "Sospetto di Herode," a peculiar vigour, as well as exuberance of language, is displayed, in which he anticipates a modern poet of a very different school,—the unhappy Shelley. Crashaw was skilled in music and drawing, as well as in poetry. The high estimate in which he was held by the more discerning of his contemporaries may be inferred from the lines on his death by Cowley.

 TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Go, now, and with some daring drug
 Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tug,
 Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
 Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
 Go, take physic, dote upon
 Some big-named composition,
 The oraculous doctors' mystic bills—
 Certain hard words made into pills;
 And what at last shalt gain by these?
 Only a costlier disease.
 That which makes us have no need
 Of physic, that's physic indeed.
 Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
 Nature her own physician be?

Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
 His own music, his own health;
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well;
 Her garments, that upon her sit,
 As garments should do, close and fit;
 A well-cloth'd soul, that's not oppress'd
 Nor chok'd with what she should be dress'd:
 A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine;
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin aerial veil is drawn
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
 A soul, whose intellectual beams
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day?
 Wouldst see a man whose well-warm'd blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood;
 A man whose tuned humours be
 A seat of rarest harmony?
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
 Age? Wouldst see December smile?
 Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
 Winter's self into a spring?
 In sum, wouldst see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest and most leaden hours
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends;
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away;—
 This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
 Hark, hither, and thyself be he.

HYMN

TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I sing the Name which none can say,
 But touch'd with an interior ray,—
 The name of our new peace; our good;
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood;

The Name of all our lives and loves :
 Harken and help, ye holy doves !
 The high-born brood of day ; you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs elect of love ; whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song ;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
 Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory ! soul (if such thou be,
 And that fair word at all refer to thee),
 Awake and sing,
 And be all wing !
 Bring hither thy whole self ; and let me see
 What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
 O, thou art poor
 Of noble powers I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me ;
 Narrow and low, and infinitely less
 Than this great morning's mighty business.
 One little world or two,
 Alas ! will never do ;
 We must have store ;
 Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more ;
 Go and request
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres
 Which dull mortality more feels than hears ;
 Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound :
 And beat a summons in the same
 All-sovereign Name,
 To warn each several kind
 And shape of sweetness—be they such
 As sigh with supple wind
 Or answer artful touch—
 That they convene and come away
 To wait at the love-crown'd doors of that illustrious day.

* * * * *

Come, lovely Name ! life of our hope !
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden show'rs with long-stretch'd hands !

Lo, how the labouring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth!
 The attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turn'd to eyes;
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
 Come, royal Name! and pay the expense
 Of all this precious patience:
 O, come away,
 And kill the death of this delay.
 O, see so many worlds of barren years
 Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears!
 O, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
 (Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
 With curtains drawn,
 To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
 O, dawn at last, long-look'd for day!
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring Spirits, that throng
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
 O, they are wise,
 And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.
 It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
 Where all their hoard of honey lies.
 Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
 Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
 Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
 Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
 The birth of our bright joys.
 O, thou compacted
 Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
 O, dissipate thy spicy powers,
 Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
 In balmy showers!
 O, fill our senses, and take from us
 All force of so profane a fallacy,
 To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee.
 Fair flow'ry name! in none but thee,
 And thy nectareal fragrancy,
 Hourly there meets
 An universal synod of all sweets;
 By whom it is defined thus—

That no perfume
 For ever shall presume
 To pass for odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin, sweet Name ! to thee.
 Sweet Name ! in thy each syllable
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell ;
 A thousand hills of frankincense ;
 Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises,
 The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping !
 How many thousand mercies there
 In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping !
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.
 O, that it were as it was wont to be,
 When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles ; gave glorious chase
 To persecutions ! and against the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee ;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
 Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to reach thee.
 Little, alas ! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee, and serv'd them in thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons, but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient fire
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers ?
 What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
 For thee ? fair purple doors, of love's devising ;
 The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
 Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
 And re-enthron'd thee in thy rosy nest,
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning :
 It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds

Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.

Welcome, dear, all-adored Name!

For sure there is no knee

That knows not thee;

Or if there be such sons of shame,

Alas! what will they do,

When stubborn rocks shall bow,

And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads

To seek for humble beds

Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,

Next to their own low nothing they may lie,

And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread majesty.

They that by love's mild dictate now

Will not adore thee,

Shall then, with just confusion, bow

And break before thee.

HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON belonged to an ancient and honourable family, and was born at Hindlip, in Worcestershire, A.D. 1605. Like the poet, his family was Catholic; and his father narrowly escaped destruction on a false charge of having been connected with the Gunpowder Plot. He was saved through the influence of Lord Morley, his brother-in-law. The poet was educated in the Jesuits' College at St. Omer, and afterwards in Paris. On his return to England, Habington married Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis. He died A.D. 1654, and was interred at Hindlip, in the family vault.

Habington's "*Castara*" was his wife; and no other woman has ever been so honourably celebrated in verse. The poems which are clustered round her name relate to many subjects; but the spirit of an elevated love is in them all, and constitutes their connecting link. The peculiar character of genius, uniting deep thought with an expansive imagination, which belonged to his age, is, in Habington's *Castara*, combined with a moral purity and true refinement not common in any age. Habington writes ever like a Christian and a gentleman, as well as like a poet: and few circumstances should teach us more to distrust the award of popular opinion than the obscurity in which his writings have so long remained.

TO CASTARA,

INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

Why doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique stone?

How know you that the orbs doe move;
 With musicke too? since heard of none?
 And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
 Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,
 Shooting their beauties from a farre,
 To make each gazer's heart like thine;
 Our vertues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face; I cannot spie,
 When poets weepe some virgin's death,
 That Cupid wantons in her eye,
 Or perfumes vapour from her breath;
 And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
 So vaine as in that to delight:
 Which, ballance it, no weight doth beare,
 Nor yet is object to the sight,
 But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
 They, in their motion like the sea,
 Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow:
 And so in flattery betray,
 That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
 Fuell enough t'enflame desire;
 But there was something from above,
 Shot without reason's guide this fire:
 I know, yet know not, why I love.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet, which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade,
 My Castara lives unknowne,
 To no looser eye betray'd;
 For shee's to her selfe untrue,
 Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood;—
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant ;
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.
 Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
 Here grave parents' wise commands ;
 And so innocent, that ill
 She nor acts nor understands.
 Women's feet runne still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
 Where oft honour splits her mast :
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port
 Where her fame may anchor cast.
 Vertue safely cannot sit
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best
 Where sinne waits not on delight ;
 Without maske, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.
 O're that darknesse whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
 While wild passions captive lie ;
 And each article of time
 Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie :
 All her vowes religious be,
 And her love she vowes to me.

TO CASTARA.

Why should we feare to melt away in death,
 May we but dye together? When beneath
 In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove
 Religious, and call it the shrine of love.
 There, when o' th' wedding eve some beauteous maid,
 Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid
 The tribute of her vowes : o' th' sudden shee
 Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see :

And cry out, "Ye sweet emblems of their zeale
 Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
 The story of our future joyes, how we
 The faithfull patterns of their love shall be?
 If not, hang downe your heads opprest with dew,
 And I will weepe and wither hence with you."

TO THE SAME.

Give me a heart where no impure
 Disorder'd passions rage,
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,
 Nor vanity t' expence ingage;
 Nor wooed to madnesse by queint oathes,
 Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes;
 Which not the softnesse of the age
 To vice or folly doth decline;
 Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
 Provokes new appetite:
 With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
 Or wanton stratagem of wit;
 Not idly wand'ring here and there,
 Led by an am'rous eye and eare.
 Aiming each beauteous marke to hit;
 Which vertue doth to one confine:
 Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

TO CASTARA,

HOW HAPPY, THOUGH IN AN OBSCURE FORTUNE.

Were we by Fate throwne downe below our feare,
 Could we be poore? Or question Nature's care
 In our provision? She who doth afford
 A feathered garment fit for every bird,
 And onely voyce enough t' expresse delight:
 She who apparels lillies in their white,
 As if in that she'de teach man's duller sence,
 Wh' are highest, should be so in innocence:
 She who in damask doth attire the rose
 (And man t' himselfe a mockery to propose,
 'Mong whom the humblest iudges grow to sit),
 She who in purple cloathes the violet:
 If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence,
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?

TO CASTARA,

INVITING HER TO SLEEPE.

Sleepe, my Castara! silence doth invite
 Thy eyes to close up day; though envious Night
 Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre;
 For she is exil'd while they open are.
 Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes
 Kinde Sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
 And finding where Love's chiefest treasure lies,
 Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
 Thy innocence, rich as the gaudy quilt
 Wrought by the Persian hand, thy drcames from guilt
 Exempted, Heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
 Each vertue softer than the swan's fam'd downe.

As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
 May sleepe thy fever calmely chase away.

TO CASTARA,

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESSE ABIDES.

Castara, whisper in some dead man's eare
 This subtill quære; and hee'le point out where,
 By answers negative, true joyes abide.
 Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide
 Of greatnesse; they can no firme basis have
 Vpon the trepidation of a wave.
 Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
 Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
 To covetous man so fatall. Nor i' th' grace
 Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
 For th' are above time's battery, and the light
 Of beauty, age's cloud will soone be night.

If among these content, he thus doth prove,
 Hath no abode, where dwells it but in love?

TO CASTARA

PRAYING.

I saw Castara pray, and from the skie
 A winged legion of bright angels flie
 To catch her vowes, for feare her virgin prayer
 Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
 To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write
 May seeme a fancie. But the eagle's sight
 Of saints, and poets, miracles oft view,
 Which to dull heretiks appeare untrue.

Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
 And purest beauty, let me thee enshrine
 In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
 T' enrich my garland, pluck religious bayes.
 Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
 Best subject of my pen, queene of my love.

TO FAME.

Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
 And speake to the cold North Castara's name :
 Which every breath will, like the East wind, bring
 The temp'rate warmth and musicke of the spring.
 Then, from the articke to th' antarticke pole,
 Haste nimbly, and inspire a gentler soule,
 By naming her, i' th' torrid South ; that he
 May milde as Zephyrus' coole whispers be.
 Nor let the West, where Heaven already joynes
 The vastest empire, and the wealthiest mines,
 Nor th' East, in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
 For not distributing her gifts on them.
 For she with want would have her bounty meet,
 Love's noble charity is so discretee.

" DOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES."

Noe monument of me remaine,
 My mem'orie rust
 In the same marble with my dust,
 Ere I the spreading laurell gaine
 By writing wanton or prophane.
 Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
 Shine still, bright starres,
 Th' Almighty's mystick characters !
 Ile not your beautious lights surprize,
 T' illuminate a woman's eyes.
 Nor, to perfume her veines, will I
 In each one set
 The purple of the violet :
 The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
 Safe from my fancie's injurie.
 Open my lippes, great God ! and then
 Ile soare above
 The humble flight of carnall love.
 Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
 And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded soules
 Worthy to be
 Their object finde, excepting thee?
 Where can I fixe? since time controules
 Our pride, whose motion all things rouples.

Should I my selfe ingratiate
 T' a prince's smile,
 How soone may death my hopes beguile!
 And should I farme the proudest state,
 I'me tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
 And if my love
 Toward a female beauty move,
 How will that surfet of our lust
 Distast us, when resolv'd to dust!

But thou, æternall banquet! where
 For ever we
 May feede without satietie!
 Who harmonie art to the eare;
 Who art, while all things else appeare!

While up to thee I shoote my flame,
 Thou dost dispence
 A holy death, that murders sence,
 And makes me scorne all pompes that ayme
 At other triumphes than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
 So heavenly, all
 That's earth from me away doth fall.
 And I, from my corruption free,
 Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

“NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.”

When I survey the bright
 Cœlestiall spheare:
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare;

My soule her wings doth spread,
 And heaven-ward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight :

But if we stedfast looke,
We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And ore his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have ;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those coelestially fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth :
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

LOVELACE.

RICHARD LOVELACE, son of Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich, was born in 1618, and educated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford. He served in the army, under Goring; and, after the conclusion of the war, fixed his abode at Lovelace Place, near Canterbury. He was chosen to present to the House of Commons the Kentish petition in favour of the king. For doing so he was committed to the Gate House prison. After having spent his fortune in the king's cause, he formed a regiment for the French service, and was severely wounded at Dunkirk. On his return to England he languished in neglect and poverty till 1658, when he died of consumption, in an obscure lodging near Shoe Lane. Lovelace was celebrated for the beauty of his person, and his noble manners, full at once of dignity and courtesy. He was not more fortunate in private life than in his public career. A lady to whom he was attached, and whom he has celebrated under the name of Lucasta, having heard a report that he had died of his wounds at Dunkirk, accepted another suitor. The troubles of the time left Lovelace little leisure for writing; but his fame is securely embalmed in a single poem, his *Song to Althea*, written in prison.

SONG.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fetter'd with her eye,—
 The birds, that wanton in the air,
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,—
 Fishes, that tinkle in the deep,
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king;¹

¹ Charles I., in whose cause Lovelace was then in prison.

When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,—
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood.
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 These for an hermitage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK, the son of a goldsmith in Cheapside, was born A.D. 1591. He became a clergyman; and was presented by Charles I. with the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. During the great Rebellion he lost his preferment, which he recovered on the Restoration. Herrick's poems are distinguished by so brilliant a fancy, as well as by so much terseness and finish, that they must ever hold a high place amid the lyrical poetry of England. Many of them are remarkable also for their classical and antique character, as though the southern vales of Devonshire had recalled to the mind of their author the plains of Attica and Sicily. Unfortunately they are too often disgraced by a license for which no excuse can be found in their author's plea,

“Loose were his verses, but his life was chaste,”

and from which the Grecian models of Herrick are almost invariably exempt.

TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round;—
 Each virgin like a spring
 With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And, with dishevell'd hair,
 Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 Ye 're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet, the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd its noon.

Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even song;
 And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 'Is quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or any thing.

We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past;
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT was born at Oxford A.D. 1605. His father was an innkeeper. He was educated at Lincoln College; and afterwards taken successively into the households of the Duchess of Richmond and the poet Lord Brooke. After writing for the stage during a short period, he was made poet-laureate. Subsequently he embraced the profession of arms; and was made by the Earl of Newcastle lieutenant-general of his ordnance. At the siege of Gloucester, King Charles conferred upon Davenant the honours of knighthood. On the ruin of the royal cause he retired to France, where he made his submission to the Catholic Church. He was next sent on an expedition to Virginia by Queen Henrietta Maria; but the ship in which he sailed having been captured, he was thrown as a prisoner into Cowes Castle. His life was saved, as is believed, at the instance of Milton, on whose behalf the intercession of Davenant proved not less effectual at the Restoration. After the return of Charles II., Davenant devoted himself to dramatic compositions, which do not possess merit of a high order. His *Gondibert* is remarkable for the vigour and the intellect it displays, though written, unfortunately, in a metre more suited to elegiac than to narrative composition. It was commenced when Davenant resided in the Louvre, and further carried on during the poet's imprisonment at Cowes Castle. Half his design having been there completed, Davenant put his work aside, under the expectation of being hanged within a few days. "It is high time," he remarks, with a good-humoured dignity, in his postscript, "to strike sail, and cast anchor (though I have run but half my course), when, at the helm, I am threatened with death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome, and even in the innocent

may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse." Davenant died A.D. 1668.

FROM GONDIBERT.

The king (who never time nor power misspent
 In subject's bashfulness, whiling great deeds
 Like coward councils, who too late consent)
 Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds :

" If to thy fame, brave youth, I could add wings,
 Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
 I would (as an example drawn for kings)
 Proclaim the cause why thou art now my choice.

* * * * *

For she is yours, as your adoption free;
 And in that gift my remnant life I give;
 But 'tis to you, brave youth ! who now are she;
 And she that heaven where secondly I live.

And, richer than that crown (which shall be thine
 When life's long progress I have gone with fame),
 Take all her love ; which scarce forbears to shine
 And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame."

Thus spake the king ; and Rhodalind appear'd
 Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
 As young kings show, when by surprise o'erheard
 Moaning to fav'rite ears a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
 Like monarch's griefs, by which they bashful grow ;
 And in that shame beholders they forbid ;
 Since those blush most who most their blushes show.

And Gondibert, with dying eyes, did grieve
 At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal),
 As great minds mourn, who cannot then relieve
 The virtuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold BIRTHA'S rosy looks decay ;
 Who in fear's frost had like her beauty died,
 But that attendant hope persuades her stay
 Awhile, to hear her duke ; who thus replied :

" Victorious king ! abroad your subjects are
 Like legates, safe ; at home like altars free :
 Even by your fame they conquer, as by war ;
 And by your laws safe from each other be.

A king you are o'er subjects so, as wise
 And noble husbands seem o'er loyal wives ;
 Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
 And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

To foes a winter storm ; whilst your friends bow,
 Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load ;
 To me (next him whom your great self, with low
 And cheerful duty serves) a giving God."

* * * * *

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
 Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
 Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring,
 Who thus her sorrows to his bosom sends :

" Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex,
 Destroying wholly virtue's race in one ?
 So by the first to my unlucky sex
 All in a single ruin were undone.

Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride ; whilst I,
 Your once-loved maid, excuse you, since I know
 That virtuous men forsake so willingly
 Long-cherish'd life, because to heav'n they go.

Let me her servant be : a dignity
 Which if your pity in my fall procures,
 I still shall value the advancement high,
 Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

Ere this high sorrow up to dying grew,
 The duke the casket open'd, and from thence
 (Form'd like a heart) a cheerful em'rald drew ;
 Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sense.

The thirtieth carract it had doubled twice ;
 Not ta'en from the Attic silver mine,
 Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
 Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine :

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud ;
 Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb :
 But from the Scythian, and without a cloud ;
 Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake : " This, Birtha, from my male
 Progenitors, was to the loyal she
 On whose kind heart they did in love prevail,
 The nuptial pledge ; and this I give to thee.

Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
 To bride did first succeed ; and though 'tis known
 From ancient lore that gems much virtue hide,
 And that the em'rald is the bridal stone ;

Though much renown'd because it chastens loves,
 And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
 Show when her absent lord disloyal proves,
 By faintness and a pale decay of life ;

Though em'ralds serve as spies to jealous brides,—
 Yet each compared to this does counsel keep
 Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
 Or seems born blind, or feigns a dying sleep.

With this take Orgo, as a better spy,
 Who may in all your kinder fears be sent
 To watch at court, if I deserve to die,
 By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artful pencil Birtha drawn,
 With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light,
 He must have fancied first, in early dawn,
 A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness fear,
 Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring ;
 Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
 A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the son of a grocer in London, was born A.D. 1618, and educated partly at Westminster School, and partly at Cambridge. From the University he was ejected during the great Rebellion ; and following the queen to France, he devoted himself with persevering zeal to the royal cause. On his return to England he was imprisoned, and afterwards set free on bail. Till the Restoration he continued to live in England, without offering any further what must have proved an ineffectual opposition to the government. In consequence of this quiescence his former services and sacrifices met, on the accession of Charles the Second, no other return than that of neglect and contumely. Near the end of his life Cowley obtained a small competence, through the influence of Buckingham ; and settling at Chertsey, on the Thames, enjoyed for a short time what he had pronounced to be the best human happiness—"a

small house in a large garden." Cowley was one of the most learned among poets, as well as one of the most simple-hearted and amiable of men. In spite of quaint conceits, and a versification often im-melodious, his poetry has qualities both of thought and imagination which won for it the applause of Milton.

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,
 Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
 Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay;
 And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his closed sight
 (The Muses oft in lands of vision play,)
 Bodied, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
 A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
 A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
 In which all colours and all figures were
 That Nature or that Fancy can create,
 That art can never imitate;
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
 In such a dress, in such a well-clothed dream,
 She used of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
 Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him from the ground;
 The shaken strings melodiously resound.
 "Art thou return'd at last," said she,
 "To this forsaken place and me?
 Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
 Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
 Art thou return'd, here to repent too late;
 And gather husks of learning up at last,
 Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
 And winter marches on so fast?
 But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
 And did as learn'd a portion assign
 As ever any of the mighty nine
 Had to their dearest children done;
 When I resolved t' exalt thy anointed name
 Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame,—

Thou changeling ! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
 Wouldst into courts and cities from me go :
 Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
 In all the follies and the tumults there ;
 Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a State,
 And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create :
 Business ! the frivolous pretence
 Of human lusts to shake off innocence ;
 Business ! the grave impertinence ;
 Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;
 Business ! the contradiction of thy fate."

* * * * *

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile :
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
 The melancholy Cowley said :
 " Ah, wanton foe ! dost thou upbraid
 The ills which thou thyself hast made ?
 When in the cradle innocent I lay,
 Thou, wicked spirit ! stolest me away,
 And my abusèd soul didst bear
 Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
 Thy golden Indies in the air ;
 And ever since I strive in vain
 My ravish'd freedom to regain ;
 Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;
 Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.
 There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
 Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
 No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
 No useful plant can keep alive :
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
 Make all my heart and labour fruitless now ;
 Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow."

SPECIMEN STANZAS FROM THE "HYMN TO LIGHT."

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy wingèd arrows fly ?
 Swiftness and Power by birth are thine :
 From thy great sire they came—thy sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
 The Sun's gilt tent for ever move ;
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble glow-worms to adorn,
 And with those living spangles gild
 (O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head
 Out of the morning's purple bed,
 Thy quire of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
 Is but thy several liveries ;
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and heaven ;
 The hard and rarest union which can be,
 Next that of Godhead, with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride ;
 Like Moses, thou (though spells and charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land.

* * * * *

How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' arms ! Thou most divine
 And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
 Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
 A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
 Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
 And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
 'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there ; and they
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

* * * * *

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below,
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attack'd by envy and by ignorance,
Enchain'd by beauty, tortured by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires;
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor seat!
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here nature does a house for me erect,—
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there;
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

O Solitude ! first state of humankind !
 Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
 Even his own helper's company :
 As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

Though God Himself, through countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be,—
 Thee, sacred Solitude ! alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one ;

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace ;
 Making it move, well managed by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite,
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER was born A.D. 1588, the descendant of a good family in Hampshire. He went to London in order to try his fortunes at court ; but, writing there his *Abuses stripped and whipped*, he found no other preferment than a prison. It was for him a fortunate imprisonment, since, while undergoing it, he composed his *Shepherd's Hunting*. Wither became a violent Puritan, and wrote innumerable tracts, poetical, political, and polemical, which allowed no sphere for the exercise of his genius. When the civil wars broke out, he sold his estate in order to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament. He rose to the rank of major-general, and served, with various success, till he was taken prisoner by the Royalists ; when his life was spared by Charles at the intercession of Denham, who urged for him the singular plea, " that, while Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England." On the Restoration, the property which he had acquired during the interregnum was confiscated ; he was subsequently imprisoned for libel, and died in obscurity and poverty A.D. 1669. The *Shepherd's Hunting* has survived the wreck of Wither's numerous works, owing

to its fidelity to Nature. There is a truthfulness in its rural delineations which makes it an anticipation of the descriptive poetry of a later age. The following extract alludes to the imprisonment above mentioned.

THE MUSE'S CONSOLATIONS.

[From *The Shepherd's Hunting.*]

Now though for her sake I'm crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double,—
 I would love and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do.
 For though banish'd from my flocks,
 And confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,—
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flowery fields,
 With those sweets the spring-tide yields ;
 Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the shepherds chant their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel ;
 Though of all those pleasures past
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But remembrance (poor relief),
 That more makes than mends my grief,—
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre Envy's evil will :
 (Whence she should be driven too,
 Were't in mortals' power to do.)
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from every thing I saw
 I could some invention draw :
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight :

By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling ;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness :
The dull lonesness, the black shade
That those hanging vaults have made ;
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight ;
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,—
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore thou, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this !
Poesie, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent ;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to naught but earth are born ;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee !
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of sadness
If I love not thy madd'st fits
Above all their greatest wits !
And though some too seeming holy
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

FROM "A DIRGE."

Farewell,
 Sweet groves, to you!
 You hills that highest dwell,
 And all you humble vales, adieu!
 You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
 My dear companions all, and you, my tender flocks!
 Farewell, my pipe, and all those pleasing songs whose moving strains
 Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains!
 You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
 Have without pity broke the truest heart,
 Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
 That erst did with me dwell,
 And others joy,
 Farewell!

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 The turtle-dove or pelican;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

* * * * *

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair:
 If she love me, this believe—
 I will die ere she shall grieve.
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go:
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE was descended from a respectable stock, and born at Tavistock A.D. 1590. He was educated at Oxford, and returned thither, in his later life, as tutor to the Earl of Caernarvon. He lived subsequently in the family of the Earl of Pembroke; and is supposed to have settled finally at Ottery St. Mary's, in Devonshire. He died A.D. 1645. There is in the poetry of William Browne an extraordinary sense of the beautiful, and a vivid appreciation of pastoral and sylvan scenery. His muse is of a delicate temperament, and seems ever to breathe a southern air. In his descriptive passages he rather delineates special objects, like the ancients, than presents us with landscapes, like the modern poets. In moral sweetness and inventive grace he bears an analogy to Spenser, though he lacks his strength and variety.

RIVERS.

As I have seen upon a bridall-day
 Full many maides clad in their best array,
 In honour of the bride come with their flasks
 Fill'd full with flowres: others in wicker-baskets
 Bring from the marish rushes, to o'erspread
 The ground whereon to church the lovers tread;
 Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plaine
 Ushers their way with many a piping straine:
 So, as in joy, at this faire river's birth
 Triton came up a channell with his mirth,
 And call'd the neighb'ring nymphs, each in her turne,
 To poure their pretty rivilets from their urne;
 To waite upon this new-delivered spring.
 Some, running through the meadows, with them bring
 Cowslip and mint: and 'tis another's lot
 To light upon some gardener's curious knot,
 Whence she upon her brest (love's sweete repose)
 Doth bring the queene of flowers, the English rose.
 Some from the fen bring reeds, wilde-thyme from downes;
 Some from a grove the bay that poets crownes;
 Some from an aged rocke the mosse hath torne,
 And leaves him naked unto winter's storme:
 Another from her bankes (in meere good-will)
 Brings nutriment for fish, the camomill.
 Thus all bring somewhat, and doe overspread
 The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.
 This while the floud, which yet the rocke up pent,
 And suffered not with jocund merriment

To tread rounds in his spring, came rushing forth,
 As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth
 Should not have libertie, nor helpe the prime.

* * * * *

* * Right so this river stormes :
 But broken forth, as Tavy creepes upon
 The westerne vales of fertile Albion.
 Here dashes roughly on an aged rocke,
 That his extended passage doth up locke ;
 There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
 Losing himself in many a wry meander :
 Here, amorously bent, clips some faire meade ;
 And then, disperst in rills, doth measures treade
 Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry rankes :
 There in another place beares downe the bankes
 Of some day-labouring wretch : heere meets a rill,
 And with their forces joynde cut out a mill
 Into an iland ; then in jocund guise
 Survayes his conquest, lauds his enterprise :
 Here digs a cave at some high mountaine's foote ;
 There undermines an oak, tears up his roote :
 Thence rushing to some country farme at hand,
 Breakes o'er the yeoman's mounds ; sweepes from his land
 His harvest hope of wheate, of rye, or pease,
 And makes that channell which was shepheard's lease :
 Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
 Helpes downe an abbey ; then a naturall bridge
 By creeping under ground he frameth out ;
 As who should say he eyther went about
 To right the wrong he did, or hid his face
 For having done a deed so vile and base :
 So ranne this river on, and did bestirre
 Himselfe to finde his fellow-traveller.

MORNING.

By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
 Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock ;
 And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
 That he might till those lands were fallow laid ;
 The hills and valleys here and there resound
 With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound ;
 Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
 Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal ;
 And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
 To gild the muttering bourns and pretty rills,

Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
 And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
 Began to leap and catch the drownèd fly,—
 I rose from rest, not infelicity.

THE ROSE.

Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
 Betrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn,
 Until some keen blast from the envious north
 Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born ;
 Or else her rarest smells, delighting,
 Make herself betray
 Some white and curious hand, inviting
 To pluck her thence away.

SHIRLEY.

[Born 1596—died 1666.]

JAMES SHIRLEY, the last great dramatist of the early school, was born in London A.D. 1596, and educated first at Oxford, and subsequently at Cambridge. On leaving the University he took orders, and held a living at St. Alban's. Becoming a Roman Catholic, he surrendered his ecclesiastical preferment, and earned his subsistence as a teacher in a grammar-school. Soon afterwards he repaired to London, where he was eminently successful as a dramatic writer, and had other opportunities of advancement, of which, had he not stood averse to courtly arts, he might have largely availed himself. In 1637 Shirley went to Ireland; and several of the plays which he wrote at this time were first acted in the theatre established in Dublin by John Ogilby, under the patronage of the Earl of Strafford. On the breaking out of the great Rebellion, Shirley took the side of the monarchy. The restoration of Charles II. produced no change in his depressed fortunes. The theatres were reopened; but their license exceeded even that which had preceded the reign of Puritanism. Shirley had resolved to write for them no more; and he kept his resolution. He lived chiefly in London till the great fire of 1666. The fatigues and losses connected with that event were too much for his then enfeebled frame; he and his wife sank beneath the shock, and died on the same day. They were buried together in the church of St. Giles in the Fields, Middlesex.

The blamelessness of Shirley's life, and the amiability of his disposition, made him the favourite of his contemporaries. In dramatic composition he possessed an extraordinary facility and origin-

ality, as well as great copiousness of thought, brilliancy of fancy, and richness of imagery. Of his lyrical genius the following is a noble specimen.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.

There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hand on kings.

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;—

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds.

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim bleeds.

All heads must come

To the cold tomb ;

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

MILTON.

THE life of Milton must ever be differently regarded according to the religious and political opinions of those who reflect on it. He was born A.D. 1608, and received an education both learned and religious from his father, a clergyman and accomplished musician. At Cambridge he was distinguished not only for his youthful learning, but for his noble beauty, which won for him the name of the "lady" of his college. On leaving the University he continued to prosecute his studies with intense assiduity at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Rich in all the classic learning of

his time, he completed his education by foreign travel; and was admitted to the intimacy of many of the most eminent scholars in Italy; where he conversed with Galileo, then blind, and must have seen the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, though he nowhere alludes to them. On his return to England he precipitated himself upon the controversies of the time; and with an impassioned eloquence advocated the side of the Puritans against the bishops, and of the republicans against the court. In one of his most celebrated Latin tracts he vindicated the execution of Charles; and during the time of the Commonwealth he acted as Latin secretary to Cromwell. After the Restoration he retired to the country, where, blind and poor, he lived in obscurity; but in the composition of poetry which has rendered his name illustrious for ever. He died A.D. 1674.

Milton's poetry possesses beyond any other the attributes of sublimity and majesty. Throughout it there is a magnanimous spirit and a sustained solemnity; and the structure is ever massive and strong. Its austerity, in which it is unapproached, does not prevent it from possessing also an occasional sweetness of a fine quality, and, though rarely, a deep pathos. In harmony, as in stateliness, it cannot be exceeded. Its special characteristic is its union of a Hebraic spirit with a classical form,—a union which, in spite of its elevation, does not escape the drawback of incongruity. The defects of Milton's poetry are not less obvious than its merits are transcendent. To say that he has not the universality of Shakespeare, the spirituality of Dante, or the variety of either, would constitute no charge against it, since no poetry can unite every species of excellence. It is, however, impossible to defend the mechanical details included in Milton's description of the war in Heaven. Still less can we excuse conceptions of the Supreme Being which represent Him "as a school divine," or rather as a Calvinistic disputant.

The Arianism of Milton's religious creed is patent in the *Paradise Lost*. It is, indeed, a circumstance both remarkable and significant, that that wonderful work should so long have taken rank as a *Christian* poem. His *Paradise Regained* betrays Milton's Arianism not less plainly; and in the great restoration of humanity no place is found for the Atonement. Milton's obligations to Italian and classical writers, as well as to the Sacred Scriptures, are so large as, without exposing him to the charge of plagiarism, to diminish, notwithstanding, his originality, and to constitute him a poet of the composite order. Milton was a man of gigantic intellect, heroic strength, and the severest morals; but the spirit of self-will domineered in him, and he had fallen upon evil times. As in the hero of his Hebraic lyrical drama, there was a blindness mixed with his strength; his greatness was of that nature which pulls down rather than of that which builds up; and in his works, which include the defence of Regicide, Polygamy, and Arianism, if we must ever admire his genius, there is too often cause to deplore his use of it.

SAMSON BEWAILING HIS BLINDNESS AND CAPTIVITY.

[From *Samson Agonistes*.]*Attendant leading him.*

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on ;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me ;
 Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born : here leave me to respire.—
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,—
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind,
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
 Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
 As in a fiery column, charioting
 His godlike presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die
 Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task
 With this heaven-gifted strength ? O glorious strength,
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased
 Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,

Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke.

* * * * *

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm : the vilest here excel me ;
 They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first-created Beam, and thou great Word,
 ' Let there be light, and light was over all ;'
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part ; why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?
 And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half-dead, a living death,
 And buried : but, O yet more miserable !
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs ;
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.

SPEECHES OF MANOAH THE FATHER OF SAMSON AND THE CHORUS
ON HEARING OF HIS LAST ACHIEVEMENT AND DEATH.

Manoah Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic; on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame,
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream,
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,

And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent ;
 His servants he with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

MYTHOLOGY.

[From *Comus*.]*The first scene discovers a wild wood. The Attendant Spirit ascends or enters.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confined, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants,
 Amongst the enthroned gods, on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of Eternity :
 To such my errand is ; and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt-flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents : but this isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun,
 A noble peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms :
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-intrusted sceptre ; but their way

Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard ;
And listen why ; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape
And downward fell into a groveling swine.)
This nymph, that gazed upon his clust'ring locks
With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blythe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named ;
Who ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of Phœbus ; which as they taste,
(For most do taste, through fond intemp'rate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were ;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,
As now I do : but first I must put off

These my sky-robcs, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain-watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear tread
 Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

* * * * *

The Lady enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers ; yet, O, where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wand'ring steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish Night,
 Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
 That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller ?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth

Was ripe and perfect in my list'ning ear ;
 Yet naught but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
 O, welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity !
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err ; there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such a noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture ; for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the Sphere ;
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence :
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium ; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself ;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.

CHASTITY.

[From the same.]

My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

* * * * *

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity :
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of Chastity
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
 To testify the arms of Chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to cóngeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted teniple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen, for dear Honour's sake,
 Goddess of the Silver lake,
 Listen and save;
 Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus;
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands;

By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams, with wily glance;
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
 Listen and save.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguises.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where Day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedar'd alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can show,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above, in spangled sheen,
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
 After her wand'ring labours long,

Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin low doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue; she alone is free:
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

THE CREATURES OF GOD.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

* * * * *

These have their course to finish round the earth
 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence, foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
 Both day and night. How often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands,
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic numbers join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our souls to heaven.

ATHENS.

[From book iv. of *Paradise Regained*.]

Look once more ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south-west behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits,
 Or hospitable in her sweet recess.
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive-grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream: within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
 Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions and high passions best describing;
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale, that on you bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,—
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing !
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was born at Hull A.D. 1620. He travelled in early life, and was at one time secretary to the English embassy at Constantinople. He was an intimate friend of Milton's, and his assistant when Latin secretary to Cromwell. After the Restoration he represented Hull in Parliament for many years. His integrity as a politician gained for him the respect of all parties. He died A.D. 1678, and was buried at the expense of his native city, which erected also a monument to his memory.

THE EMIGRANTS.

'Where the remote Bermudas ride,
 In th' ocean's bosom unespied,

From a snail boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

“ What should we do, but sing His praise
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own !

Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;

* * * *

And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.

O, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.”

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm ; alas ! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill ;
Nor do I for all this ; nor will :
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget

Thy murder, I will join my tears.
 Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
 It cannot die so. Heaven's king
 Keeps register of every thing,
 And nothing may we use in vain :
 E'en beasts must be with justice slain.

* * * * *

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,
 One morning (I remember well),
 Tied in this silver chain and bell,
 Gave it to me : nay, and I know
 What he said then : I'm sure I do.
 Said he : " Look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
 But Sylvio soon had me beguiled.
 This wax'd tame while he grew wild,
 And, quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
 Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away
 With this, and very well content
 Could so my idle life have spent ;
 For it was full of sport, and light
 Of foot and heart : and did invite
 Me to its game ; it seem'd to bless
 Itself in me. How could I less
 Than love it ? O, I cannot be
 Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
 Had it lived long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so short a time espy.
 Thy love was far more better than
 The love of false and cruel man.
 With sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my own fingers nursed ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they :
 It had so sweet a breath. And oft
 I blush'd to see its foot more soft
 And white, shall I say than my hand ?
 Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away;
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimble much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
'To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid;
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born A.D. 1605, and died A.D. 1687. His political life was not one of integrity. Having composed a poem in honour of Cromwell, he showed, after the Restoration, an equal willingness to celebrate the return of Charles II. The King asked him, on his presentation at court, how it chanced that his poem addressed to Cromwell was superior to that in honour of his legitimate sovereign? Waller replied: "Sire, it is well known that poets succeed best in fiction." His poetry has smoothness and grace; but no criticism was ever more false than that which affirmed that Waller had been the first to harmonise the English language.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
 So calm are we when passions are no more.
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN, descended from a Welsh family, was born in Brecknockshire A.D. 1621. He was educated for the law, but abandoned that profession to become a physician. He died A.D. 1695. His poetry has much analogy with that of George Herbert, both in its vigour of condensed thought, and in its quaintness, although it is much less known.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

[From *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems.*]

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun ;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Caust thou not sing ?
O, leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world : let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries : the first, world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;
 Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on, and safely may :
 Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born at the parsonage of his father A.D. 1631. He was educated at Westminster and Cambridge. His career was a long and stormy one; for no literary man of his age took a more ardent part in its controversies, political and polemical. During his later years he enjoyed without dispute the reputation of the chief living poet; but his controversial abilities had arrayed against him innumerable enemies; and he was seldom at rest. He died A.D. 1700.

The chief event in the life of Dryden was his conversion to the Catholic Church. Unworthy imputations as to his sincerity have indeed been thrown out; but they are refuted by the facts of the case, as is clearly shown by Sir Walter Scott, who, besides referring to the unshaken allegiance which Dryden maintained towards the Catholic Church during the long years when his interests pointed in the opposite direction, remarks also that the principles upon which, so early as 1682, Dryden had, in his *Religio Laici*, defended the Church of England from the sectaries, nay, the principles upon which he based his belief in revealed religion itself, could not fail to be carried out by a logical mind as they were actually carried out by Dryden. "This is made more clear," Sir Walter Scott remarks, "by his own words; from which it appears, that having once admitted the mysterious doctrines of the Trinity and of Redemption, so incomprehensible to human reason, Dryden felt no right to make any further appeal to that fallible guide."

The poetry of Dryden unites, in an extraordinary degree, three different sorts of merits; those which belong to narrative, to lyrical, and to argumentative poetry. His Odes "On St. Cecilia's Day," "On Music," and "On the Death of Mrs. Anne Killigrew," place him in the very highest class of lyrical poets; and he has been frequently said to stand almost alone in his powers of *reasoning in verse*. As a satirist he has no equal in English poetry. On the other hand, his deficiency in pathos, refinement, and sense of beauty, becomes at once apparent on a comparison of his imitations of Chaucer with the originals. Dryden's dramatic efforts were, for the most part, failures; and he had but too much cause for the repentance which he expresses with reference to the license (the contagion of a corrupt age) with which they are defiled. In vigour

of language, and a corresponding manliness of mind, Dryden had few equals. W. S. Landor describes him well as

"The Bacon of the rhyming crew."

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

An Ode in honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son ;
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,—
 So should desert in arms be crown'd :
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,—
 Such is the power of mighty love,—
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia prest ;
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity ! they shout around :
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face ;
 Now give the hautboys breath : he comes ! he comes !
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again :
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed :
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of Chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble:
 Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee !
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

 Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head !
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amaz'd he stares around.
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise :
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

THE POSITION OF MAN IN THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar,
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these god-like notions bred !
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found,
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
 Hast thou a wit so deep or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive or higher climb ?
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
 Knew no such system, no such piles could raise
 Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
 To one sole God.
 Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe,
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe ;
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,
 And cruelty and blood was penitence.
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
 Ah at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !

And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering His own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a Power too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, see His will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store:
His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
And all His righteousness devolv'd on thee.

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine:
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest,
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew;
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven and warmer climes.
Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight.
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair;
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air.

Who but the swallow now triumphs alone ?
The canopy of heaven is all her own :
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.

PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL, born in Ireland A.D. 1679, was educated in the University of Dublin. Becoming a clergyman, he was made Archdeacon of Clogher, and attained much fame by the eloquence of his preaching. He suffered from constitutional depression of spirits, especially after the early death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached; and died A.D. 1717. His poetry has much felicity of diction and a high finish.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind !
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head ;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know
That solitude 's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground :
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below :
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear ;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved :
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke : Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow :
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy ;
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight :
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song :
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;

The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain ;—
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.



CONGREVE.

LIKE Parnell, William Congreve was an Irishman. He was born A.D. 1669. Settling at an early age in London, he rapidly acquired an almost unequalled social popularity, and a fame as a dramatist far beyond what he deserved, or has maintained ; for the sparkling wit of his plays atones neither for their immorality nor for their negative faults—a deficiency in imagination, passion, and human interest. Congreve was spoilt by his success, and sacrificed virtue, genius, and permanent fame for the gratification of vanity. He died A.D. 1729.

A CATHEDRAL.

Almeria meeting her husband Alphonso, whom she had imagined to be dead, now disguised as the captive Osmyn. at the tomb of his father Anselmo.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hush'd.

Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
 Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
 We'll listen—

Leon. Hark !

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful !
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
 Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,

And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
 Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.*

Leon. Let us return ; the horror of this place,
 And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
 No, I will on ; show me Anselmo's tomb,
 Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earth
 Of human bodies ; for I'll mix with them,
 Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
 Yet green in earth. rather than be the bride
 Of Garcia's more detested bed : that thought
 Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
 Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
 Lead me, for I am bolder grown : lead on
 Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
 To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.

Leon. I go ; but heaven can tell with what regret.

POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London A.D. 1688. His family was, as he tells us,

"Of gentle blood, part shed in honour's cause."

He was brought up chiefly at Binfield, where his father, who had acquired a moderate independence as a merchant, possessed a house and a few acres of land. His earliest education was confided to the care of a Catholic priest who lived in the neighbourhood ; and it was afterwards carried on by the persevering energy of the poet himself with little assistance. Through the kindness of Sir William Turnbull, Pope was early introduced to various men of eminence in literature, who detected his abilities, and encouraged him. Before the age of twenty-seven he had published a considerable proportion of his poetry, and gained the applause of Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Addison, Steele, Congreve, and nearly all the literary and political celebrities of the time. Finding the gaieties of a club-life in London unfavourable to his health and studies, Pope abandoned the metropolis for Twickenham. He induced his father and mother to spend their declining years with him there ; his mother, whom he cherished with the most devoted filial piety, surviving till the age of

* This is the passage that Johnson admired so much. "Congreve," he said, "has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakespeare."

ninety-three years. It was on her death that Swift said to the poet, while condoling with him, "you are the most dutiful son I have ever known or heard of; which is a felicity not happening to one in a million." Pope's later life was spent at his villa, with the adornment of which he occupied himself; and where public men, like Lord Peterborough and Bolingbroke, and divines, like Swift and Warburton, were glad to join the poet in working at his grotto, or pruning his fruit-trees. To humbler friends Pope was not less steady in his attachments; especially to the sisters Martha and Theresa Blount, and the Allens, whom he used to visit at Prior Park, Bath. Unfortunately he was not above the littleness of indulging in literary animosities, by which his temper was embittered, and much both of time and genius thrown away. Of this weakness his *Dunciad* remains a monument; a poem inferior to nothing he has left, as to power, but nearly deprived of value by the pettiness and ephemeral nature of the theme. Pope died A.D. 1744, and was interred, as his parents had been, in the church of Twickenham; although he, as well as they, had died in the Catholic religion. His villa has long since been demolished, and replaced by a new one, with which his name is associated. His grave has not escaped better. On the occasion of some alteration made in the church, the coffin of Pope, known by the inscription which his friend Bishop Warburton had placed near it, was dug up; and his skull is now in the collection of a phrenologist.

The merit of Pope's poetry has long been a matter of dispute among critics. That its interest is not derived from its affinity with nature is undeniable; but not less certain is it that, amid poetry of the artificial order, it must maintain a very high place. In executive skill, in polish, terseness, and tact, and in refinement of thought, though not of feeling, it is admirable; while in brilliancy of fancy it can hardly be surpassed. It possesses also a high degree of energy and eloquence; but the latter is rhetorical rather than of that kind which genuine passion inspires. Pope's power of discussing philosophic questions in verse is striking; but unfortunately his philosophy was but the philosophy of his day, and has in it more of speciousness than of depth or solidity. As a satirist his field was manners, not character; and in that field he is ever felicitous. In lyrical poetry he has but done enough to show that it was not his line; a remark that applies to his pastorals also. Of his religion we find even less in Pope's poetry than of nature; for, with all its stately pomp of versification, its vehemence, energy, and declamatory pathos, his *Eloisa to Abelard* must ever be repulsive to a Catholic, as well as distasteful to a sound moralist. Pope is, however, a great poet, and, in his own way, a singularly perfect one, when all due deductions have been made from exaggerated praise. His works mark a special era in English literature, when criticism and poetry became united, and the didactic vein began to supersede all others. The modern poets of France were the models on whom Pope had mainly formed his style. In imitating he surpassed them; in itself no small praise.

THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
O, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring !
See lofty Lebanon his head advance !
See nodding forests on the mountains dance !
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !
Hark, a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies ;
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear Him, ye deaf : and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing ; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No sign, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more :
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn !
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings
 And heap'd with products of Sabeian springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born, A.D. 1666, of humble origin. He was sent to Cambridge at the expense of the Earl of Dorset. Having entered the diplomatic service he acted as secretary of legation at the treaty of Reyswick ; after which he was successively under-secretary of state and a commissioner of trade. Subsequently he sat in Parliament, and rose finally to the post of English ambassador at Paris. On his return he was committed to prison, through the vengeance of the Whigs, who regarded him as a deserter from their party. But for the kindness and aid of Lord Harley, he would have had, in his latter life, but scanty means of support. He died A.D. 1721.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

In imitation of a Greek Idyllium.

Celia and I the other day
 Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea :
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost ;
 And on the surface of the deep
 The winds lay, only not asleep ;
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair ;

Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
 With secret joy I heard her say,
 That she would never miss one day
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O the change ! the winds grow high ;
 Impending tempests charge the sky ;
 The lightning flies, the thunder roars ;
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
 Struck with the horror of the sight,
 She turns her head, and wings her flight ;
 And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
 Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
 Thyself in that large glass descry :
 When thou art in good humour drest,
 When gentle reason rules thy breast,
 The sun upon the calmest sea
 Appears not half so bright as thee :
 'Tis then that with delight I rove
 Upon the boundless depth of love :
 I bless my chain : I hand my oar ;
 Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
 When the big lip and watery eye
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;
 'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
 Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
 And the poor sailor, that must try
 Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
 While love and fate still drive me back :
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
 I chide thee first, and then obey :
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
 I with thee or without thee die.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born A.D. 1716, and died A.D. 1771. His life, which was uneventful, was passed in a large measure amid the cloisters of Cambridge. He was a man of great learning, as well as of a true taste for classical poetry ; and the influence of both are largely to be found in his works. He has been accused of being bur

a plagiarist from the classics; but the charge of plagiarism holds good against those only who borrow without adding aught of importance to what they have gained from foreign sources. Gray was unquestionably a man of high genius; though, had he trusted more to it, and less to his learning, it would probably have left yet nobler results behind. His Odes possess a brilliancy of imagination, an energy and compactness of diction, a throng of thoughts and images, a harmony of versification, and a careful finish, the collective merit of which is not materially reduced because some lines are to be traced to classical sources, or even because his language is sometimes stilted. His *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is one of the most perfect poems in the language. The obscurity of his Odes results, not from vagueness of thought, but from condensation of language and copiousness of allusion. It is remarkable that Gray, in his letters written during a tour in the Highlands, was one of the first English writers to express a vivid enjoyment in the grander scenes of nature; though his poetry belongs more to the artificial than the natural school.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing;
 With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
 She woos the tardy Spring:
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet;
 Forgetful of their wintry trance,
 The birds his presence greet;
 But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
 Rise the rapt'rous choirs among;
 Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,
 And leads the gen'ral song;
 Warm let the lyric transport flow,
 Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
 And animates the vernal grove
 With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again ;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the source whence Pleasure flows ;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
While far below the madding crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll :
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear ;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
There they alike in trembling hope repose,—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

[The following lines were originally composed for this poem, but were omitted by the author.]

Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,—
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
What time the woodlark piped her farewell song,—
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found ;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the son of an Irish clergyman, was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, A.D. 1728. Some relations and friends of his father's were so struck by the liveliness and genius of the child that they made a subscription to carry out his education, which was commenced at the school of Athlone, and completed at the Dublin University. His career there was rendered miserable by the brutality of his tutor. Not long after leaving the

university, Goldsmith made the tour of Europe on foot, finding his support in the hospitality of the peasants, who, in their turn, danced around his flute. The record of this tour survives in his poem, *The Traveller*, of which the first sketch was made in Switzerland. The rest of Goldsmith's history is the history of his works, interspersed with innumerable little troubles into which he was brought by an indefensible recklessness, and as often by his generosity. He was the favourite of all the wits of the day; who, while they valued his good-heartedness, laughed at his simplicity: and his death was deplored by Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke, as a domestic calamity. It took place A.D. 1774.

The works of Goldsmith are probably, in their own style, the most accomplished which the age produced. His *Vicar of Wakefield* has a perfection which belongs to few prose narratives in the language; and his two comedies, while rich in genial humour, are wholly free from the corruptions by which the comic drama has too commonly been stained. His poetry is admirable for its grace and felicity of expression, as well as for its purity and refinement of sentiment. It was formed, as to its versification, on the model which, from the time of Pope, had become a tradition; but in its tenderness, serene pathos, and sympathy with nature and man, it opened out a richer vein of poetry, and one which has been further worked in our day by Rogers and others.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew.
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning's face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
 Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
 And even the story ran that he could gauge;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquished he could argue still;

While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame : the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

THE VILLAGE INN.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired ;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

LOGAN.

JOHN LOGAN was the son of a farmer in Mid-Lothian. He became a clergyman in the Scottish Kirk, and subsequently delivered lectures on history in Edinburgh. His "Ode to the Cuckoo" excited the admiration of Edmund Burke; and for pathos and appreciation of nature had, indeed, few competitors amid the productions of the age. Logan was born A.D. 1748, and died A.D. 1788.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !

Thou messenger of Spring !

Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,

Thy certain voice we hear ;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path

Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee

I hail the time of flowers,

And hear the sound of music sweet

From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood

To pull the primrose gay,

Starts, thy curious voice to hear,*

And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,

Thou fliest thy vocal vale,

An annual guest in other lands,

Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear ;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No winter in thy year !

* This line was probably altered by Logan as defective in quantity. "Curious may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the cuckoo, to the human voice the cause of the *start* and *imitation* which follow. Whereas the 'new voice of spring' is not true; for many voices in spring precede that of the cuckoo, and it is not peculiar or striking, nor does it connect either with the *start* or *imitation*."—*Note by Lord Mackenzie.*

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
 O man of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head ;
 The numbered hour is on the wing
 That lays thee with the dead.

* * * * *
 Behold, sad emblem of thy state,
 The flowers that paint the field ;
 Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield.

* * * * *
 Nipt by the year the forest fades ;
 And shaking to the wind,
 The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
 The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
 Anew shall deck the plain,
 The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
 And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
 Ah, never to return !
 No second Spring shall e'er revive
 The ashes of the urn.

* * * * *
 The mighty flood that rolls along
 In torrents to the main,
 Its waters lost can ne'er recall
 From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
 Descending down to night,
 Can never, never be redeemed
 Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
 To night's perpetual gloom ;
 The voice of morning ne'er shall break
 The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers ? Whither gone
 The mighty men of old ?
 " The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
 In sacred books enrolled ?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
 The everlasting home,
 Where ages past have gone before,
 Where future ages come."

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, one of the greatest among the Scotch poets, was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, A.D. 1700. Through the care of his father, the Presbyterian minister of Ednam, and several of his clerical friends, the education of the youth was well attended to. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh. His poem of "Winter" was published A.D. 1726, and gained for him almost immediately the applause of his fellow-countrymen. In company with the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot, whom he attended as tutor, Thomson visited most of the European countries; but the death of his pupil, and of Lord Talbot, reduced the poet again to a state of dependence, in which he passed the rest of his life, except the last two years of it, when, through the friendship of Lord Lyttelton, he was appointed surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands. His writings brought him some profit, and he enjoyed a pension from the Prince of Wales. He died of a fever A.D. 1748. No works contributed more than those of Thomson to withdraw the public taste from the artificial, and bring it back to the true model of all genuine art,—nature. The pictures of nature in Thomson's "Seasons" are admirably truthful, and possess a glowing richness. It may be said, however, on the other hand, that they are sensuous, and, like the landscapes of Rubens, present us rather with "the fat of the land" than with that representation of nature, at once true and ideal, which belongs to the highest order of poetry. His "Castle of Indolence" is a work of a larger imagination and more masterly handling than his "Seasons," and makes us lament the time which he wasted on dramas that presented no true field for his genius. In it we trace the influence of Spenser. The harmony of its versification is such as would in itself have proved that the poet was

fond of music. He was passionately attached to it; and used to stand for hours at his window listening to the nightingales of Richmond.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And certes there is for it reason great ;
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half-pranked with spring, with summer half-imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
That as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
Yet all these sounds yblent¹ inclined all to sleep.

¹ united.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh ;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night.
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

* * * * *

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
 The deep vibrations of his 'witching song ;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
 Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream.

* * * * *

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swollen with sleep ,
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,

Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep,
 Then taking his black staff he called his man,
 And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leaped lightly at his master's call.
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded naught at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide displayed
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;
 Wherewith he those that entered in arrayed
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
 O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fau
 Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

* * * * *

Strait of these endless numbers swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found ;
 But every man strolled off his own glad way,
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertained ;
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;
 While solitude and perfect silence reigned :
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
 Placed far amid the melancholy main
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain),
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phoebus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro ;
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

* * * * *

The doors that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavoured and rich viands crowned ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round ;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound :
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart ;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams around repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed ;
Blest sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls ;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;

What'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learnèd Poussin drew.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;
From which, with airy flying fingers light
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight ;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Near the pavilions where we slept still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell ;¹
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played in waving lights from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My muse will not attempt your fairy land ;
She has no colours that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand,
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more refined delights.

SPRING.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now, shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven

Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps the doubled vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
 Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope, of every joy,
 The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
 In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
 And wait the approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
 By such as wander through the forest-walks,
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

SUMMER EVENING.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half-immersed; and now a golden curve

Gives one bright glance, then total disappears. * *

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth : then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn :
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature naught disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge
The glowworm lights his gem ; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained

The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
 When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

AUTUMN EVENING.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty black. These now the lonesome muse,
 Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current : while, illumined wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And through their lucid veil his softened force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things :
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock :
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And naught save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !
 The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
 Oft startling such as studious walk below,
 And slowly circles through the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
 Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks at every rising gale
 Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards,—all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul. * *

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky
 In her chill progress to the ground condensed
 The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
 Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turned to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes ;
 A smaller earth gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam ;
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance trembling round the world. * *

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
 Serene in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
 And, hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

WINTER.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white :
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his evening ray ;
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats ; then brisk alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms,—dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying men,—the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. * *

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
 All winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain
 Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes
 Of horrid prospect shag the trackless plain ;
 Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on

From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of covered pits unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow ; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm :
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out and bleaching on the northern blast.

COLLINS.

THE life of William Collins was a sad one ; for it did not allow the fulfilment of its earlier promise. He was born A.D. 1721. Whilst yet at college he published his "Oriental Eclogues ;" and

his lyrical poetry appeared when he was only twenty-six. But his mind gave way; and after lingering for a considerable time in a state of despondency and incapacity, he died A.D. 1756. His poems are marked by the prodigal exuberance of early genius, and also by some what of that obscurity and crudeness which belong to immaturity. He had a soaring imagination, and a fine power of harmony, as well as a high degree of subtlety and refinement; and his works, few as they are, constitute an original contribution to English poetry.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary deils,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown and dim-discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light :

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

ODE WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest ?
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

PIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the son of a Scotch farmer, was born near the town of Ayr A.D. 1758. His father, an excellent man, took care that he should have that solid though unpretending education which was, even at that early time, open to the Scotch peasant. In his sixteenth year he had read some of the best English and Scotch poets; but it is probable that his genius received at least equal nourishment from the songs and legends of his native plains—such as his mother recited at her spinning-wheel. He worked as a common labourer and addressed his earliest verses to a fellow-reaper in the same harvest-field—that “Highland Mary” whose name is indelibly associated with his own. Her early death was a calamity which affected all his subsequent years. Burns visited Edinburgh A.D.

1786, where he was received with an enthusiasm occasioned by his rare conversational powers, as well as by the admiration which his poetry had excited. That he should have so soon left a metropolis of which he was the idol, is a proof of his independence and superiority to vanity. But he was assailable elsewhere. Unhappily the convivial habits of Edinburgh had already taught him to indulge in dissipation. His tendencies to intemperance were increased by his appointment to the office of gauger, which also harmonised but ill with his occupations as a farmer;—for he had taken a farm on the banks of the Nith. He subsequently repaired to Dumfries, his farm having failed, where, unhappily, his temptations to excess were but increased. In 1796 his constitution gave way, and he died, like Byron, in his thirty-eighth year.

In poetic genius Burns has been surpassed by few in any age. Imagination, passion, intellect, pathos, sweetness,—all these gifts are in him united with a penetrating wit, a shrewd sense, and a manly strength of thought and feeling. He possessed the true lyrical inspiration; and his wide sympathies, human and poetic, gave it a true direction. His lack of classical learning probably directed his genius yet more to nature, from the touch of which it ever gained vigour; and his poetry contributed not less than that of Cowper to break down that sordid and sapless literature, based but on convention, which had sufficed to satisfy an age so cold and barren as the greater part of the eighteenth century. Burns is the most national of poets; every trait of his native land is to be found in his verse. To what height he would have reached had he added self-restraint to those moral qualities of courage, independence, and kindness, which were eminently his, it is hard to say. His writings prove that his moral weakness in this respect received no compensating support from any reverence entertained by him for the Scotch kirk. To such weakness the public opinion of the time was but too indulgent.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the plough.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betray'd
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 The billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till, wench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
 See the front o' battle lour:
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die!

TO A BROTHER-POET.

Wha' though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hall?
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then
 We'll sit and sowth¹ a tune;
 Syne² rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we ha'e done.

¹ hum a tune.² then.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
 It's no in wealth, like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest :
 It's no in makin' muckle mair,³
 It's no in books, it's no in lear',⁴
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest ;
 Nae treasures or pleasures
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart aye's the part aye
 That maks us right or wrang.

* * * * *

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth,
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Though losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :

³ making much more.

⁴ learn. 25.

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O, blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean,
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa !
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa' !
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be so dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at his father's rectory of Berkhamstead A.D. 1731. He was placed at a school in Bedfordshire, where he suffered such cruelties from a schoolfellow as apparently affected his sensitive nature for the whole of his life. He had not energy for the bar, for which profession he had been intended; and though appointed "Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords," such was his nervousness that he was unable to encounter the public examination necessary for holding it. In 1765 he repaired to Huntingdon, where he lived as a boarder at the house of Mr. Unwin, the clergyman of the parish. He continued to reside with that family when, after Mr. Unwin's death, they had settled near Olney, where he became an intimate of the celebrated Mr. Newton, then curate of the place, with whom, in his charitable ministrations, Cowper gladly associated himself. Here he was again attacked by a malady which had before affected him, a religious melancholy amounting to aberration of intellect. For five years he lay under this eclipse, during all which time Mrs. Unwin watched over him with maternal tenderness. Getting better, he occupied himself with gardening, drawing, and the domestication of hares and birds. He began again to pay serious attention to poetry, in which it is a remarkable

circumstance that he had done nothing of importance till after he was fifty years old. His first volume was received somewhat coldly by the public; but the valetudinarian had strength enough to be neither disappointed nor discouraged. In 1784 he wrote his "Task" at the request of his cousin, Lady Hesketh; and in the same year commenced his translation of Homer. In 1792 his former malady began to return, induced apparently in some measure by his grief at the declining health of Mrs. Unwin, who languished for some years in paralysis. He died A.D. 1800; having been able the preceding year to resume his labours on Homer.

To the fostering friendship of the Unwins, Lady Hesketh, Lady Austen, and a few other friends, Cowper owed nearly all the happiness allowed to his shattered life. Yet, in his helplessness, he was able largely to affect the literature of his country, and consequently its moral and social well-being; nor is it unlikely that the beneficial influence exercised by him may be felt for centuries. More than any one else, except perhaps Burns, he contributed to bring back English poetry from convention to nature, and from French models to a renewed admiration for the great olden poets of native growth. In Burns and in Cowper the love of nature was equally marked; but in all beside there was little affinity between them. Where the former was weak, the latter was strong; and so largely do Cowper's works belong to the meditative class, that but for the moral wisdom of the poet, and the purity of his cheerless but blameless life, his poetry would have had little merit or interest. His works are a joint bequest from his genius and his virtues. In his descriptions of scenery, Cowper is always truthful; though his delineations belong to the minute, not the sublime order. His meditative vein is rich in the true wisdom of the heart; and, notwithstanding the aberrations by which his mind was so long clouded, it is for nothing more remarkable than its complete sanity of tone and absence of morbidness, or false enthusiasm. Perhaps Cowper's highest merit is his pathos. Of this quality beautiful specimens are left to us in his lines "on his mother's picture," and in those addressed "to Mary." In the last his aged friend Mrs. Unwin, then dying, is commemorated with a pious tenderness. It may be called the love-song of old age.

A WINTER WALK.

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.

Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed :
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced ;
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,

And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn-root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there and truth,
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

* * * * *

Where now the vital energy that moved,
 While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
 Through the imperceptible meandering veins
 Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch
 Of unprolific winter has impressed
 A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
 But let the months go round, a few short months,
 And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
 Barren as lances, among which the wind
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
 Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,
 Shall publish even to the distant eye
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
 In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
 The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
 And of a humbler growth, the other tall,
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave;
 The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
 Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;
 Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,
 But well compensating her sickly looks
 With never-cloying odours, early and late;
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
 Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
 That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion too,
 Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
 Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,

Yellow and bright as bullion unalloyed
 Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all
 The jessamine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
 Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
 The bright profusion of her scattered stars.
 These have been, and these shall be in their day ;
 And all this uniform uncoloured scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flush into variety again.
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
 Is nature's progress, when she lectures man
 In heavenly truth ; evincing, as she makes
 The grand transition, that there lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are His,
 That make so gay the solitary place
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
 That cultivation glories in are His
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year ;
 He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
 And blunts His pointed fury ; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
 Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

WINTER EVENING.

O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way ;—
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him impatient of his stay
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,

And gathering at short notice in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates.
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves and quake.
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds and leaves and sprigs
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,—
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry ; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at His awful name, or deem His voice
A jarring note : themes of a graver tone

Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlook'd for, life preserved and peace restored,—
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
 More to be prized and coveted than yours,
 As more illumined and with nobler truths,
 That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

* * * * *

Come evening once again, season of peace!
 Return, sweet evening, and continue long!
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow moving, while the night
 Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
 Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
 Like homely-featured night, of clustering gems,
 A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
 Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
 Or make me so.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life even now
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come:
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
 Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose,
 Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
 Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must
 Below the skies, but having there his home.
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects more illustrious in her view;
 And occupied as earnestly as she,
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.

She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer b' rds
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world
(That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see
Deems him a cipher in the works of God)
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him, then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, and idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works

From which at least a grateful few derive
 Some taste of comfort in a world of woe,--
 Then let the supercilious great confess
 He serves his country ; recompenses well
 The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life
 Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.
 The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise ;
 But he may boast what few that win it can,
 That if his country stand not by his skill,
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
 Polite refinement offers him in vain
 Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
 Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
 The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
 Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
 Because that world adopts it : if it bear
 The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
 And be not costly more than of true worth,
 He puts it on, and for decorum sake
 Can wear it even as gracefully as she.
 She judges of refinement by the eye,
 He by the test of conscience and a heart
 Not soon deceived, aware that what is base
 No polish can make sterling, and that vice,
 Though well perfumed and elegantly dress'd,
 Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flowers,
 Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
 For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
 So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
 More golden than that age of fabled gold
 Renown'd in ancient song ; not vex'd with care
 Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approved
 Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.

BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,
 Sage, beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.
 Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.
 Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground--
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !
 Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.
 Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.
 Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they."
 Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.
 She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow ;
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
 Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
 " Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heav'n awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you."

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast ;
 Ah, would that this might be the last,
 My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playd'st the Housewife's part;
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to move, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary !

Lines on his mother's picture.

O that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see ;
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 " Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away " !
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers, Yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And turning from my nursery-window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation ev'ry day beguiled,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
 And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
 Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes,—
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift, hast reach'd the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost ;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
 Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he—
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell !—Time unrevok'd has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again ;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself remov'd thy power to soothe me left

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7th, A.D. 1770. He was brought up in his native place and at Penrith during his early boyhood, having lost his mother in his eighth, and his father in his fourteenth year. His attention was early directed to the most eminent writers of prose fiction, such as Cervantes, Swift, and Fielding. In the year 1787 Wordsworth was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where, though he sought no academical honours, he paid a close attention, not only to the classical authors, but to Italian literature, under the direction of an Italian named Isola, who had been intimate with the poet Gray. In 1790 he made a pedestrian tour in France, his companion being a friend and fellow-student named Jones; and he passed a considerable part of the next two or three years in that country, the political changes of which vehemently interested him. In 1796 commenced that friendship with Coleridge to which he attributed, in a large measure, the philosophic form in which his poetic genius subsequently developed itself. Some of his earliest poems were about this time printed, in conjunction with several by that friend. In 1798 Wordsworth visited Germany in company with his sister and Coleridge; and two years afterwards settled in the vale of Grasmere, where he wrote the poems published in the second volume of his *Lyrical Ballads*. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, who had been a fellow-pupil of his when he learned spelling from an old dame at Penrith. In 1813 Wordsworth forsook Grasmere for Rydal, where, with the exception of occasional excursions to Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, he continued to reside, loved and honoured by all who knew him, till the year 1850, when he died. On the death of Southey, he had accepted the laureateship.

The life of Wordsworth was a happy, as it was a wise and virtuous one. It was clouded only by such domestic bereavements as no protracted life can escape. Nature lay before him as a book ever open; and every day he could bend over a new page, and read, "transcribing what he read," with fresh instruction and delight. In friendship he was not less fortunate than in his domestic relations: and the stupidity or impertinence with which his writings were long assailed by the professional critics he lived down and wrote down. Of all modern poets he was the one most devoted to his art; and he cultivated it ever conscientiously, and with a due sense of its greatness and its responsibilities. He wrote as a philosopher and patriot, not less than as a poet, in the conviction that a genuine poet, if faithful to his vocation, must be the servant of truth and of virtue. Like Southey and Coleridge, he early outgrew the extravagant political opinions by which, at the outbreak of the French revolution, a large part of European society was so infected that few young men of genius and enthusiasm could wholly escape the disease.

The poetry of Wordsworth is at once the most imaginative and the most profoundly meditative which England has produced in recent times. Its chief characteristic is its large sympathy with all that belongs to human nature. The egotism of which it has been accused is of a character the opposite of that which is so offensive at once on the grounds of good taste and sound feeling; for it was with a moral, not a sentimental or personal interest, that the contemplative poet directed an inquiring gaze into his own being. In that mirror he contemplated no individual experience alone, but the "heart of man," which he calls

"My haunt, and the main region of my song."

It may be well to remark, that Wordsworth's poetry cannot be rightly understood unless we remember that the human nature of which he speaks in such lofty terms is, in the main, an *ideal* human nature, regarded in its archetype (for Wordsworth was, like most real poets, a Platonist), and not merely that actually existing human nature which is constantly "erring from itself," being vitiated by the Fall. This distinction cannot be better illustrated than by two remarkable lines of Wordsworth's:

"But who is innocent? By *grace divine*,
Not otherwise, O *Nature*, are we thine."

He has been accused, indeed, of celebrating external nature, the features of which he delineates with a religious reverence and fidelity, in a Pantheistic spirit. Expressions, however in themselves liable to no just reproach, may bear this appearance merely on account of their regarding from a single aspect a subject vast and many-sided, which the poet does not profess to treat in its totality. Many of Wordsworth's poems are remarkable both for their Christian and their Catholic tone. If he did not write more largely in this vein, the circumstance arose, in a large part, from his humility, and from his belief that to poetry but a restricted province is assigned on the borderland of religion. On the other hand, he believed that an elevated morality is the very life of poetry; and there are few writers whose works tend more eminently than Wordsworth's do, when their meaning and their proper place are rightly understood, to enlarge the moral being, and to foster habits of reverence, manliness, and sympathy. In a few of his earlier poems Wordsworth carried his protest against the conventional poetic style to a paradoxical extent, so as to make simplicity itself look like affectation. This defect, however, was but a humour, which his maturer mind cast off. It is less easy to defend him from the charge of a certain thoughtful diffuseness, which belongs to a diction otherwise admirable. It proceeded from a desire to treat subjects more at large than perhaps belongs to poetry, which, unlike philosophy, is in the main an imaginative method of intellectual *suggestion* rather than a complete *expression* of thought, and which must therefore often reject even the best epithets in order to gain that intensity which selectness and compactness alone can impart.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn ;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death.
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

LUCY.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me

The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WRITTEN AT SUNRISE ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Ah, me ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God,
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptation dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 O, if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast !

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek they firm support according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide.
 Too blindly have reposed my trust
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred

The task, in smother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance desires ;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,
I call thee ! I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
O let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.

TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye,
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground,—
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still ?

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine.
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home.

SONNETS.

SAXON CLERGY.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God ! who not a thought will share
 With the vain world ; who outwardly, as bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine.
 Such priest, when service worthy of his care
 Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
 Might seem a saintly image from its shrine
 Descended : happy are the eyes that meet
 The apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand ;
 Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
 And vows that bend the will, in silence made.

CANUTE.

A pleasant music floats along the mere
 From monks in Ely chanting service here ;
 While-as Canute the king is rowing by,
 " My oarsmen," quoth the mighty king, " draw near,
 That we the sweet song of the monks may hear."
 He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
 Heart touched, and haply not without a tear.
 The royal minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free barge skims the smooth flood along,
 Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme :
 O, suffering earth, be thankful ; sternest clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended piety and song.

CRUSADES.

Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
 Through these bright regions, casting many a glance
 Upon the dream-like issues, the romance
 Of many-coloured life that fortune pours
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
 Their labours end ; or they return to lie,
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel-floors.
 Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem chanted
 By voices never mute when Heaven unties
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ?
 Requiem which earth takes up with voice undaunted,

When she would tell how brave, and good, and wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest,
While from the papal unity there came
What feebler means had failed to give, one aim
Diffused through all the regions of the west ;
So does her unity its power attest
By works of art, that shed on the outward frame
Of worship glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to Heaven for final rest ?
Hail, countless temples, that so well befit
Your ministry ! that, as ye rise and take
Form, spirit, and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit !

THE VIRGIN.

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD THE SHEPHERD TO THE ESTATES AND
HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song,—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

“ From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower :
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last ;

She lifts her head for endless spring,
 For everlasting blossoming :
 Both roses flourish, red and white :
 In love and sisterly delight
 The two that were at strife are blended,
 And all old troubles now are ended.—
 Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her
 Who is the flower of Lancaster !
 Behold her how she smiles to-day
 On this great throng, this bright array !
 Fair greeting doth she send to all
 From every corner of the hall ;
 But chiefly from above the board,
 Where sits in state our rightful lord,
 A Clifford to his own restored !
 They came with banner, spear, and shield,
 And it was proved in Bosworth field.
 Not long the avenger was withstood,
 Earth helped him with the cry of blood :
 St. George was for us, and the might
 Of blessed angels crowned the right.
 Loud voice the land has uttered forth,
 We loudest in the faithful north :
 Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
 Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;
 Our strong abodes and castles see
 The glory of their loyalty.

How glad is Skipton at this hour,
 Though she is but a lonely tower !
 To vacancy and silence left ;
 Of all her guardian sons bereft,—
 Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom,
 We have them at the feast of Brough'm.
 How glad Pendragon, though the sleep
 Of years be on her !—She shall reap
 A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
 As in a dream her own renewing.
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad, I deem,
 Beside her little humble stream ;
 And she that keepeth watch and ward,
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;
 They both are happy at this hour
 Though each is but a lonely tower :
 But here is perfect joy and pride
 For one fair house by Emont's side,

This day distinguished without peer
To see her master, and to cheer
Him and his lady-mother dear !

O, it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die !
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the mother and the child.
Who will take them from the light ?
Yonder is a man in sight—
Yonder is a house—but whose ?
No, they must not enter those.
To the caves and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks ;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, mother mild,
Maid and mother undefiled,
Save a mother and her child !
Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy ?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind upon the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame ?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter and a poor man's bread !
God loves the child ; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled—
The lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her babe did say :
' My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best !'

Alas ! when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers, that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !
Hear it, good man, old in days !

Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distress;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long;
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee—
A spirit-soothing company,
That learned of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him:
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro for his delight.
He knew the rocks that angels haunt,
Upon the mountains visitant,
He hath kenned them taking wing;
And into caves where faeries sing
He hath entered, and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
He can whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope and nobler doom;

He hath thrown aside his crock,
 And hath buried deep his book;
 Armour rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls :
 ' Quell the Scot ! ' exclaims the lance ;
 Bear me to the heart of France,
 Is the longing of the shield ;
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory !
 Happy day, and happy hour,
 When our shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored,
 Like a re-appearing star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the flock of war ! "

Alas ! the fervent harper did not know
 That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
 Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge and all ferocious thoughts, were dead :
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales and every cottage-hearth ;
 The shepherd-lord was honoured more and more ;
 And ages after he was laid in earth,
 " The good Lord Clifford " was the name he bore.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

There was a roaring in the wind all night,
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright,
 The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods ;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters,
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops ; on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth,
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon that moor ;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
 The pleasant season did my heart employ ;
 My old remembrances went from me wholly,
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go—
 As high as we have mounted in delight,
 In our dejection do we sink as low—
 To me that morning did it happen so ;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came,
 Dim sadness and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky,
 And I bethought me of the playful hare ;
 Even such a happy child of earth am I,
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare,
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;
 But there may come another day to me,
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood ;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;
 But how can *he* expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
 Following the plough, along the mountain-side :
 By our own spirits are we deified ;
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
 But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool, bare to the eye of heaven,
I saw a man before me unawares ;
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
Wonder to all that do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense ;
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself :

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age :
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :
And still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he coned
As if he had been reading in a book.
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And drawing to his side, to him did say,
" This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech, which forth he slowly drew :
And him with further words I thus bespake,
" What occupation do you there pursue ?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the noble orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest,—
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men, a stately speech;
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor;
 Employment hazardous and wearisome!
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
 And the whole body of the man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills,
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed,
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills,
 And mighty poets in their misery dead.
 Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 "How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said, that gathering leeches, far and wide
 He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 "Once I could meet with them on every side,
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old man's shape and speech, all troubled me;
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main ; and when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure ;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor !"

THE FORCE OF PRAYER; OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

"What is good for a bootless bene ?"
 With these dark words begins my tale ;
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
 When prayer is of no avail ?

"What is good for a bootless bene ?"
 The falconer to the lady said ;
 And she made answer, "ENDLESS SORROW !"
 For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
 And from the look of the falconer's eye ;
 And from the love which was in her soul
 For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden woods
 Is ranging high and low,
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,—
 How tempting to bestride !
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called the Strid,
 A name which it took of yore ;
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come ;
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across the Strid ?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
 That the river was strong and the rocks were steep ?
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And deep unspeaking sorrow :
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death --
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day,
Which was to be to-morrow ;
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave ;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, " Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory !"

The stately priory was reared ;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief ;
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

O, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, in 1772. At the age of seven years he lost his father, the Vicar of Ottery, a man of remarkable piety and learning. Through the instrumentality of Judge Buller, Coleridge was sent to school at Christ's Hospital, where he formed that friendship with Charles Lamb which lasted during his whole life; and where, in the midst of much privation and suffering, he picked up huge fragments of heterogeneous learning. As early as his sixteenth year the psychological character of his genius indicated itself in the remarkable poem called *Time, real and imaginary*. At this early period also his extraordinary conversational powers attracted attention; and the "old cloisters of Grey Friars used to re-echo," as Charles Lamb tells us, "with the discourse of the inspired charity-schoolboy" on Plotinus or Pindar. On leaving school Coleridge was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, where his time was spent in deep but desultory study and impassioned political disquisitions. In a sudden fit of despondency, produced chiefly by the debts which he had heedlessly contracted, Coleridge left Cambridge, and enlisted as a private in a cavalry regiment; his connection with which, as might have been expected, did not last long. Having renounced his original intention of becoming a clergyman in the Established Church, Coleridge continued for some years to lecture or write pamphlets on political and ethical subjects. From the level of a half-transcendental republicanism in politics, and Unitarianism in religion, his mind gradually worked itself up into far higher views; though he seems never to have been in sympathy with any of the political parties or religious sects of the age. It was in his twenty-fifth year, and while he was residing at the foot of the Quantock hills, in Somersetshire, that the poetic genius of Coleridge reached a rapid maturity; and to this brief period a large proportion of his best poems, published originally under the title of *Sibylline Leaves*, belong. During this early period, *i. e.* about the year 1797, Coleridge also wrote his drama *Remorse*, his *Ancient Mariner*, and the first part of his *Christabel*. His personal appearance at this time is thus described by Mr. Hazlitt: "His complexion was clear, and even bright,

‘As are the children of yon azure sheen;’

his forehead was broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea, with darkened lustre.

‘A certain tender bloom his face o’erspread,’

a purple tinge, as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was rather open, his chin good-humoured and round, and his nose small."

Assisted by the generosity of Mr. Josiah and Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, who bequeathed him a small annuity, which he received

during the rest of his life, Coleridge visited Germany in 1798. One result of this expedition was his admirable translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, completed in six weeks, and published in 1800; but on the whole, from the period of his more intimate acquaintance with German literature, his poetical genius was eclipsed by his devotion to metaphysical pursuits. Emerging from the materialistic trammels of Hartley, he addicted himself to Kant, and passed in succession through the various schools of German philosophy. In his *Friend*, his *Biographia Literaria*, his *Aids to Reflection*, his *Church and State*, &c. we possess successive fragments of a great system of philosophy which he had projected, but which he never produced as a whole.

In 1801 Coleridge settled at Keswick; but his health requiring a change of residence, he accompanied Sir Alexander Ball to Malta as his secretary. He subsequently visited Sicily, Naples, and Rome, where he narrowly escaped being arrested by the orders of Buonaparte, who resented the tone of his previous political writings. In 1816 he went to reside with Mr. Gillman at Highgate, and during almost the whole of his remaining life the house of that gentleman was his home. In it he met all that affectionate care which his infirmities required. Coleridge married at a very early age. He died in 1834.

The poetry of Coleridge, the larger part of which seems to have been produced with little effort, and during some twelve or twenty months, at widely separated intervals of his literary life, is remarkable for the mode in which it combines metaphysical speculation with a peculiar poetic tenderness, and a versification almost unrivalled for buoyancy, variety, and music. He is pre-eminently a "subjective poet," the movements of the human mind being almost always, either in a direct or indirect form, his theme. When his poetry moves among outward objects, it finds itself more at ease among supernatural than natural things, and imparts to us less sense of reality when grappling with the human interests of the drama than when delineating the witch enchantments of Christabel, or accompanying the "Ancient Mariner" on his mystic voyage. In this respect, as well as in the expansive and sensitive *temperament* of his poetry, Coleridge differs widely from Wordsworth. He resembles him more in his philosophic vein, except that his poems of this sort are more abstruse, while they are also more vague and fragmentary, aiming less at definite outline and structural completeness. The earlier poems of Coleridge he himself severely censured, on the ground of a turgid diction, and a "false glitter both of thought and expression." In his mature works we meet lines of a quintessential and inexplicable sweetness, amid much that almost overtakes the intelligence—"flute-tones," as they have been called, of a pure and spiritual melody.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!

The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly! but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge. But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity ;
 O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer,
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,—
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,—
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :
 'Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
 O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shatter'd and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy.
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge :
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ; and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds,
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too, again, stupendous mountain ! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,—
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the west. no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring : it flows silently
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
 A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,

Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark ! the nightingale begins its song,
 " Most musical, most melancholy " bird !
 A melancholy bird ? O idle thought !
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love
 (And so, poor wretch ! fill'd all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.
 And many a poet echoes the conceit ;—
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme,
 When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
 By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
 Should share in nature's immortality,—
 A venerable thing ! and so his song
 Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved like nature ! But 'twill not be so ;
 And youths and maidens most poetical,
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
 In ballrooms and hot theatres,—they still,
 Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our sister ! we have learnt
 A different lore : we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
 And joyance ! 'Tis the merry nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
 Of all its music !

And I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
 Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up and grass,—

Thin grass and king-cups,—grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales ; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer and provoke each other's song,
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That should you close your eyes you might almost
 Forget it was not day ! On moonlight bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs—
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
 Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
 Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a lady vow'd and dedicate
 To something more than nature in the grove)
 Glides through the pathways,—she knows all their notes,
 That gentle maid ! and oft a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moon,
 Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
 With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
 As if some sudden gale had swept at once
 A hundred airy harps ! And she hath watch'd
 Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
 On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song
 Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler ! till to-morrow eve ;
 And you, my friends, farewell, a short farewell !
 We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
 And now for our dear homes.—That strain again ?
 Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,
 Who, capable of no articulate sound,
 Mars all things with his imitative lisp,—
 How he would place his hand beside his ear,
 His little hand the small forefinger up,
 And bid us listen ! and I deem it wise
 To make him nature's playmate. He knows well
 The evening-star ; and once, when he awoke

In most distressful mood (some inward pain
 Had made up that strange thing—an infant's dream),
 I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
 And he beheld the moon ; and, hush'd at once,
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently ;
 While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
 Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam ! Well!—
 It is a father's tale : but if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs ; that with the night
 He may associate joy. Once more farewell,
 Sweet nightingale ! Once more, my friends, farewell !

DISJOINTED FRIENDSHIP.

Alas, they had been friends in youth :
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain :
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother,
 They parted ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining ;
 They stood aloof—the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
 A dreary sea now flows between ;
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

SONG.

Hear, sweet Spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel !
 So shall the midnight-breezes swell
 With thy deep, long lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,
 Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chant for thee,
 Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea :
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine !

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
 Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along :—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !
 Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O, the joys that came down shower-like
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ?—Ah, woful ere,
 Which tells me youth's no longer here !
 O youth ! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that thou and I were one ;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone ?
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :
 And thou wert ay a masquer bold !
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size :
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

latter written in his character of poet-laureate), suffer much in consequence of being surrounded by a multitude of inferior pieces, which the author had thrown off with a careless exuberance. In the inexperience of early youth, Southey had precipitated himself on political opinions of an ultra-democratic nature, as well as on Unitarianism in religion. At an early period of his mature life he adopted conservative views in politics, and the tenets of the Established Church. The aberrations of his youthful enthusiasm subjected him to extravagant invectives at a later period (his *Wat Tyler*, which was published without his knowledge, having brought them prominently forward),—invectives proceeding chiefly from those who resented his change of views, or the somewhat intolerant vehemence with which he denounced the “liberalism” of a later day. Among the many high characteristics of Southey, was the zeal with which he fostered the genius of literary aspirants contending against adverse circumstances or defects of early education.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O reader, hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly-tree?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves,
 Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralise;
 And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
 Can emblems see,
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere;
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude;—
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly-leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they ;
 But, when the bare and wint'ry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly-tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng ;
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they ;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly-tree.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths :
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !

Who, at this untimely hour,
 Wanders o'er the desert sands ?
 No station is in view,
 Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
 The mother and her child,
 The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,—
 They, at this untimely hour,
 Wander o'er the desert sands.

Alas ! the setting sun
 Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
 Hodeirah's wife beloved,
 The fruitful mother late,
 Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,

They wished their lot like hers :
 She wanders o'er the desert sands
 A wretched widow now,
 The fruitful mother of so fair a race ;
 With only one preserved,
 She wanders o'er the wilderness.
 No tear relieved the burden of her heart ;
 Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
 Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
 But sometimes, when the boy
 Would wet her hand with tears,
 And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
 Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
 Utter a feeble groan.
 At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
 To heaven, exclaiming, " Praised be the Lord !
 He gave, He takes away !
 The Lord our God is good ! "

AUTUMN.

MOONLIGHT SCENE.

How calmly, gliding through the dark-blue sky,
 The midnight moon ascends ! Her placid beams,
 Through thinly-scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard-slope :
 Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
 And massy, motionless they spread ; here shine
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
 Their chasms ; and there the glittering argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills ; and O, how awfully
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament
 The summits of Auseva rise serene !
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour ; he feels
 The silence of the earth ; the endless sound
 Of flowing water soothes him ; and the stars,
 Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence
 Towards eternity the attempered mind.
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
 And to the Virgin Mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

H. COLERIDGE.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, the eldest son of the great poet of the same name, was born at Clevedon A.D. 1796. In his early childhood a poem of Wordsworth's, "O thou whose Fancies from afar are brought," was inscribed to him; and, at a yet earlier period, he was addressed by his father in lines entitled "Frost at Midnight." To the last hour of his life these poems seemed to delineate Hartley Coleridge, and record what they had prophesied. His childhood passed like a dream, for he was ever in reverie; and the rest of his life partook largely of the same character. In 1808 he was placed, as a day-scholar, under the care of the Rev. John Dawes, at Ambleside, and thus found himself in frequent intercourse with many of the most eminent poets then living, including his uncle Mr. Southey, and Wordsworth. In 1815 he went to Oxford. His genius soon made itself known there; and he obtained a fellowship at Oriel College, which promised a secure provision for the rest of his life. Unfortunately he had not the self-control necessary in order to withstand the convivial temptations to which he was constitutionally subject. He lost his appointment; and that loss he never recovered. He continued, throughout a desultory life, to make literature his main pursuit. In 1832 he published his *Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire*, and the next year a volume of poems. His latter years were spent at the "Nab Cottage," on the banks of Rydal Water. Here he lived in the midst of literary pursuits, alternated with frequent wanderings amid the vales of the north, endeared to all his neighbours by his cordiality and ready sympathies yet more than by his rare literary and conversational powers. He died of bronchitis Jan. 6, 1849.

That infirmity of will which is so touchingly acknowledged and deplored in the poetry of Hartley Coleridge was the cause doubtless of his not reaching a far higher place in literature. His poems are excellent alike for soundness of thought, descriptive power, fancy, and felicity of diction; and their moral tone is elevating. His sonnets are very remarkable. They are the most imaginative part of his writings, as well as the most highly finished; and possess that indescribable union of sweetness and subtle pathos for which the sonnets of Shakespeare are so remarkable.

SONNET.

If I have sinn'd in act, I may repent;
 If I have err'd in thought, I may disclaim
 My silent error, and yet feel no shame:
 But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
 Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
 Or, being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
 And incapacity of being worse,

That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
 In keen expectance of a carnival ;
 Where, in all worlds that round the sun revolve
 And shed their influence on this passive ball,
 Abides a power that can my soul absolve ?
 Could any sin survive and be forgiven—
 One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven !

TO THE NAUTILUS.

Where Ausonian summers glowing
 Warm the deep to life and joyance ;
 And gentle zephyrs, nimbly blowing,
 Wanton with the waves, that, flowing
 By many a land of ancient story,
 And many an isle renown'd in glory,
 Leap along in gladsome buoyance,—
 There, Marinere,
 Dost thou appear
 In faery pinnace gaily flashing,
 Through the white foam proudly dashing ;
 The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
 The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
 O'er the furrow'd waters gliding ;
 Thou nor wreck nor foeman darest,
 Thou nor helm nor compass needest :
 While the sun is bright above thee,
 While the bounding surges love thee,
 In their deepening bosoms hiding,
 Thou canst not fear,
 Small Marinere !
 Though the tides, with restless motion,
 Bear thee to the desert ocean
 Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
 'Tis all thine own, 'tis all thine empery.

Lame is Art ; and her endeavour
 Follows Nature's course but slowly,
 Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
 Still improving, perfect never.
 Little Nautilus ! thou showest
 Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,—
 Lore which man should study lowly.
 Bold faith and cheer,
 Small Marinere !

Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,
To thee a law of life compelling,
Obedience perfect, simple, glad, and free,
To the Great Will that animates the sea !

CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Scotland, A.D. 1777. He was very early brought into notice by the success of his first poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*. Still more admired were his minor poems, which appeared several years later; and his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a tale rich in beauty and pathos, raised him to a reputation shared by but few. During a long literary life, Campbell sustained the unusual and flattering reproach of publishing too little. He wrote with that care which the greatest genius can turn to the best account, and without which its products have little chance of reaching posterity. The labour with which Campbell composed teaches us, however, another danger, from which poetry may suffer as much as from carelessness. His was too often an ill-directed labour, less regardful of what is essential in poetry than solicitous about its ornaments. In repeated corrections the main thought seems frequently to have escaped him; and many a passage powerfully condensed, and exhibiting high touches of art, is deficient in the humbler requisites of sound logic, and correctness of grammar and diction. His lyrics, however, especially his naval odes, possess a noble fire and energy which disposes the reader to overlook imperfections of detail, though of that kind in which imperfection is most to be regretted. Campbell died in the year 1844.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the north
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:

It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak !" our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
"Ye are brothers ; ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose :
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day ,
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might

By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died ;—
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

SIR W. SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT is the most eminent of the literary men of whom Scotland is justly proud. He was born in 1771. Infirm health during a part of his boyhood opposed obstacles to the progress of his education; but the great number of imaginative works which it left him leisure to read, and which must have weakened an intellect less robust, appears but to have stimulated his genius, and given to it that direction which it afterwards followed. He found time for graver studies at a later time; and while cultivating poetry and antiquarian researches, pursued his profession as a lawyer, and attained its distinctions and emoluments. The *Lay of the last Minstrel*, the most spirited and brilliant, as it was one of the earlier of his works, gained at once a well-deserved celebrity. *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Lord of the Isles*, *Rokeby*, and several poems besides, followed in succession, and met with a like success. It was the peculiar merit of Scott's poetry that it revived something of that chivalrous sentiment without which society rusts in selfishness and sordid pursuits, and that it turned back the eyes of a self-conceited age to the "olden time." The vividness, if not always the poetic truthfulness, with which Scott described the Highland scenery of his native land, conduced not less to the revival of that appreciation of nature which had almost ceased to exist while English poetry copied French models. Not less salutary was the poetry of Scott from its manly, healthful tone, and its absence of frivolity, morbidness, and sentimentality. These merits did not prevent it from being in a large measure supplanted by the higher colouring and coarser appeals of Lord Byron's early works. With that absence of petty jealousy which belonged to him, Scott willingly yielded place to a younger competitor; and devoting himself to a new class of literature, of which he was almost the inventor, produced that series of historical novels with which, even more than with poetry, his name is identified. It was, however, adversity which brought out the unpretending greatness of his robust character. Having unfortunately entered into a sort of partnership with an eminent publisher he suddenly found that by the bank-

ruptey of the firm that large fortune which years of labour had acquired for him was confiscated; while for an enormous debt he continued responsible. Without a murmur he applied himself to the gigantic task of meeting those new liabilities; and, labouring with increased industry in almost every department of literature, he acquired within a few years a second fortune so large as nearly to defray the debt, as well as to preserve for his family the domain which he had purchased at Abbotsford—a suitable residence for that new branch of the ancient house of Scott to found which had been his ambition. Those labours proved, however, too severe for his health. Being ordered to try a southern climate, a frigate was placed at his disposal by King William the Fourth. After a brief sojourn at Naples and at Rome, he returned home through Germany; his long-cherished desire to meet Goethe being, however, frustrated by the death of that poet, which had just taken place at Weimar. Scott expired soon after his return to Abbotsford, A.D. 1832; and was interred, according to his own wish, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. With the frank nature and cordial humour which belonged to Chaucer and Shakespeare, Scott possessed much also of that dramatic insight which belonged to them. He has been called, with reference to his novels, “a prose Shakespeare;” nor is the title an exaggerated one, if we appreciate the full difference between poetry and the most poetical prose. Several of his poems may be considered as novels in verse; and it is remarkable that as such they do not possess passages which equal in poetic power the best passages in his prose novels. Scott’s poetry hardly aims at either the philosophic depth or the imaginative elevation which belong to the best poetry of the age; and having been composed, in some instances, almost with the rapidity of an *improvvisatore* rather than the loving labour of a poet devoted to his art, and zealous for its fame, if not for his own, its diction is deficient in richness, expressiveness, force, and finish; but his poems are also free from the faults and affectations so often united with lofty pretensions.

BRANKSOME TOWER.

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
 And the ladye had gone to her secret bower;
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell :—
 No living wight, save the ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
 Knight, and page, and household squire
 Loitered through the lofty hall,
 Or crowded round the ample fire:

The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
 Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
 And urged in dreams the forest race
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name
 Brought them their steeds from bower to stall ;
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
 Waited, duteous, on them all :
 They were all knights of metal true,
 Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword and spur on heel :
 They quitted not their harness bright,
 Neither by day, nor yet by night ;
 They lay down to rest,
 With corslet laced,
 Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard ;
 They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
 Waited the beck of the warders ten ;
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;
 A hundred more fed free in stall :
 Such was the custom in Branksome Hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
 Why watch these warriors armed by night ?—
 They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying ;
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying ;
 To see St. George's red cross streaming ;
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming :
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

* * * * *

What may it be, the heavy sound
Which moans old Branksome's turrets round ?
The ladye knew it well !
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother ?"

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay ;

On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves, their morris pacing
To aerial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet !
Up, and list their music sweet !"

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream :
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars ?
What shall be the maiden's fate ?
Who shall be the maiden's mate ?"

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole ;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim ;
Orion's studded belt is dim ;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star.
Ill may I read their high decree !
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower
Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said



This is my own, my native land ?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

MELROSE ABBEY AS IT IS.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go, visit it by the pale moonlight ;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;
 When buttress and buttress alternately
 Seem framed of ebony and ivory ;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go ; but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruined pile :
 And, home returning, soothly swear,—
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

MELROSE ABBEY AS IT WAS.

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
 And again he sighed heavily ;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,
 And fought in Spain and Italy.
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,
 When his limbs were strong and his courage was high :
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;
 The pillared arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night !
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 Then into the night he lookèd forth ;
And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
 And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern-door
 They entered now the chancel tall ;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
 On pillars lofty, and light, and small ;
The keystone, that locked each ribbèd aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre feuille ;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven
 Around the screenèd altar's pale !
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne,
 And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition, lowly laid !

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
 By foliaged tracery combined ;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And chang'd the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,

Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his cross of red
 Triumphant Michael brandishèd,
 And trampled the apostate's pride.
 The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

STAFFA.

[From the *Lord of the Isles*.]

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
 On a breeze from the northward free ;
 So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
 Or the swan through the summer sea ;
 The shores of Mull in the eastward lay,
 And Uloa dark, and Colonsay,
 And all the group of islets gay,
 That guard famed Staffa round.
 Then all unknown its columns rose,
 Where dark and undisturbed repose
 The cormorant had found ;
 And the shy seal had quiet home,
 And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
 Where, as to shame the temples decked
 By skill of earthly architect,
 Nature herself it seemed would raise
 A minster to her Maker's praise :
 Not for a meaner use ascend
 Her columns, or her arches bend,
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
 And still between each awful pause
 From the high vault an answer draws,
 In varied tone, prolong'd and high,
 That mocks the organ's melody ;
 Nor doth its entrance front in vain
 To old Iona's holy fane,
 That Nature's voice might seem to say,
 Well hast thou done, frail child of clay ;
 Thy humble powers that stately shine,
 Task'd high and hard—but witness mine.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
 Before the gale she bounds ;
 So darts the dolphin from the shark,
 Or the deer before the hounds ;

They left Loch Ina on their lee,
 And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,
 And the chief of the sandy Coll ;
 They paused not at Columba's isle,
 Though pealed the bells from the holy pile
 With long and measured toll ;
 No time for matin or for mass,
 And the sounds of the holy summons pass
 Away in the billow's roll ;
 Lochtnies' fierce and warlike lord
 Their signal saw and grasp'd his sword,
 And verdant Ilay call'd her host,
 And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
 Lord Ronald's call obey ;
 And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
 Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
 And lonely Colonsay ;—
 Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
 His bright and brief career is o'er,
 And mute his tuneful strains ;
 Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
 That loved the light of song to pour ;
 A distant and a deadly shore
 Has Leyden's cold remains !

YOUTH.

[From *Rokeby*.]

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
 Winning from Reason's hand the reins.
 Pity and woe ! for such a mind
 Is soft, contemplative, and kind ;
 And woe to those who train such youth,
 And spare to press the rights of truth
 The mind to strengthen and anneal
 While on the stithy glows the steel !
 O teach him, while your lessons last,
 To judge the present by the past ;
 Remind him of each wish pursued,
 How rich it glow'd with promised good ;
 Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
 How soon his hopes possession cloy'd ;
 Tell him we play unequal game
 Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim ;
 And, where he strip him for her race,
 Show the conditions of the chase.

Two sisters by the goal are set,
 Cold Disappointment and Regret :
 One disenchants the winner's eyes,
 And strips of all its worth the prize ;
 While one augments its gaudy show,
 More to entrance the loser's woe ;
 The victor sees his faery gold
 Transform'd, when won, to drossy mold ;
 But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
 And rues as gold that glittering dross.

CORONACH.

[From the *Lady of the Lake*.]

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow ;
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory ;
 The autumn winds rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

TIME.

[From the *Antiquary*.]

Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray ?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it passed away ?

“ Knowst thou not me ?” the deep voice cried,

“ So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused ?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away ;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever !”

MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, a man of humble origin, was born in Dublin, A.D. 1770. During his college course he took a vehement interest in Irish political matters, and is said to have been exposed to danger in 1798. Soon afterwards he visited England, in which country he passed the greater part of his mature life. His musical, as well as his literary and social talents, made him a general favourite; while his political opinions, and the skill with which he advocated them in squib and epigram, recommended him to the leaders of the Whig party. A large proportion of his verses are thus but verses of the day, the subject admitting of no more; and some of his earlier poems are open to a heavier charge, that of immorality. Far the best of his poems, the most real at once and the most imaginative, are those which were written most under the influence of genuine feeling, and which had the advantage of being adapted to the ancient music of his native land—viz. *The Irish Melodies*. There is in the poetry of Moore a remarkable brilliancy of fancy and wealth of wit, as well as much sweetness both of sentiment and versification; but to imagination and passion, pathos and power, moral elevation and fidelity to nature, it makes little pretension; nor has it always the merit of sound diction and consistency. In religion Moore was a Catholic. Except Lord Byron, he was probably the most popular poet of his day; as may be inferred from the circumstance that his publisher gave him 3000*l.* for his *Lalla Rookh*. During his later life Moore resided at Sloperton Cottage, Wilts, where he died A.D. 1852.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when twilight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea !
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that glory wove,—
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love !
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth :
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth :
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave !
 We're fall'n upon gloomy days ;
 Star after star decays ;
 Every bright name that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.
 Quench'd are our beacon lights—
 Thou, of the hundred fights !
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung !
 Both mute ; but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they liv'd and died.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd
 Led the red-branch knights to danger ;
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.
 On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining ;

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away :
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love ?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above ?

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still !

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 O, who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
 And valour's task mov'd slowly by ;
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.

There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 O, who would live a slave in this ?

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking ;—
Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, Lord Byron, the descendant of one of those Norman families which attended the Conqueror to England, was born in London A.D. 1787. In 1798 he succeeded to the ancestral title, on the death of his grand-uncle. Till his eleventh year he was brought up chiefly in Scotland ; he went afterwards to Harrow, and in 1805 entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807 he published his *Hours of Idleness*. It possessed little merit ; but the ungenerous ridicule with which the book was assailed exercised a salutary influence on the future fame of the poet, by stimulating him to new and stronger exertions. In 1809 he set out on his travels, and visited Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. It was at this period also that he wrote the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. On their publication he suddenly, as he expressed it, "woke and found himself famous." His popularity was increased by each new work—his social position, his genius, and much in his personal character, combining to make him the idol of the many ; but, while his literary ambition was stimulated by a success almost unprecedented, the vanity and egotism which vitiated his genius were fostered proportionately. In 1815 he married ; and the next year his wife separated from him. The cause of their quarrel has never

transpired. During the succeeding years he resided chiefly in Italy, and published in rapid succession a great number of poems, most of which indicated a progressive power and a progressive taste, except where the latter was corrupted by moral weakness.

In 1823 Lord Byron formed the generous resolution of joining the struggle of Greece for independence; and to this cause he devoted strenuous efforts for the remainder of his life. Besides assisting the Greeks with large sums of money, he joined them in arms at Missolonghi; before, however, he had time to do more than display extraordinary talents of a political and administrative order, he caught a fever produced by the exhalations from the marshes, and died on the 19th of April 1824, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was buried in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey.

Lord Byron's poetry is of the oratorical rather than of the purely poetic character. It is deficient in spirituality, sincerity, and refinement; and though often highly intellectual, there is so little of truth or wisdom in his thoughts,—which, indeed, aim but at brilliancy and effect,—that it has in this respect no high value. It has been praised for its passionateness; but in the serious depths of true passion it is as deficient as in pathos and tenderness; and it is to its fiery eloquence, and the rhetorical energy of its style, that it chiefly owes its impressiveness. In this respect Lord Byron resembles Rousseau, as in wit he resembles Voltaire; nor is it a little remarkable that in a single English poet, and one who died at such an early age, the characteristics of the two most noted French writers of the last century—men utterly opposed to each other in the character of their genius—should have been united. Another singular combination in Lord Byron, as a poet, is that of the man of romance and the man of the world; for by nothing except its rhetorical emphasis and melodramatic contrasts is his poetry more marked than by a keen shrewdness, and that knowledge of the world which too often passes for knowledge of man. In the latter species of knowledge Byron is far surpassed by several among his compeers in poetry whom he considered but visionaries; but who, whether they used the gift little or much, exerted, on occasion, a genuine insight into the human heart as well as into outward nature. The turgid and inflated style of his earlier compositions he had soon the tact to exchange for one lighter, stronger, and more natural: but in the *spirit* of his poetry his later works rather fell off than advanced; and the cynicism which he threw into them, and which probably should be regarded as, in part, an affectation, is a quality as much at variance with poetry as with wisdom and virtue. That Lord Byron's poetry abounds in manifold ability is as undeniable as that its attractions are of a superficial and dangerous character. So eminently, indeed, was he a man of various and versatile abilities, that he would easily have succeeded in most pursuits, whether practical or literary, to which he had devoted himself; and he himself doubted whether poetry was his proper calling. His great popularity proceeded in part from the degree in which a poetry at-once sensual and in-

tellectual provided those stimulants needed by an age less poetical than craving imaginative excitement. It was increased doubtless by the boldness with which his poetry occasionally braved public opinion, as well as by the tact with which it habitually flattered popular taste. That popularity stimulated him, however, to a rapidity of composition inconsistent with the production of such poetry as comes from the depths of the poet's being, and abides the test of time. In estimating Lord Byron's character, whether literary or personal, if it be a duty to denounce the evil that lurks under a fair disguise, it is no less a matter of justice to make allowance for his youth, for the defects of his education, and for the adulation with which the world spoilt its favourite. As much in him which passed for original genius was but that imitation which belongs to imaginative sympathy, so his faults were in a large measure but those of the circle in which he moved. Profligacy and scepticism destroyed the intrinsic value of his poetry; and an engrossing self-love narrowed the range, while it corrupted the quality, of his genius: but he was not without generous impulses and high aspirations, which lacked for their due growth a nobler soil than that of luxury and early fame.

NORMAN ABBEY.

[From *Don Juan*.]

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley
 Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood, like Caractacus in act to rally
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke ;
 And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
 The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
 To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its soften'd way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around : the wild fowl nestled in the brake,
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed ;
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam until, again subsiding,
 Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
 Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet ; and thus allay'd,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding

Its windings through the woods : now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half-apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle :
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art ;
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone :
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from the throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

* * * * *

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is wingèd from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall :

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this gray ruin, with a voice to charm,—
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :

The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such
The fact :—I've heard it—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glories and his vainer troubles.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[From the same.]

'The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet ;
But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mate
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sire's " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his ;
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set—where were they ?

And where are they ? And where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !

And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush ; for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ? Our fathers bled.
 Earth, render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? And silent all ?
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain : strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine ;
 He served—but served Polycrates,
 A tyrant : but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 O, that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells :
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
 Where nothing save the waves and I
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

AN ITALIAN EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE BRENTA.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains : heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As day and night contending were until
 Nature reclaimed her order : gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which from afar
 Comes down upon the waters, all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

MIDNIGHT SCENE IN ROME—THE COLISEUM.

[From *Manfred*.]

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful !
 I linger yet with Nature ; for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness
 I learn'd the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering, upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome :
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
 More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appeared to skirt the horizon ; yet they stood
 Within a bow-shot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,

And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
 But the gladiators' bloody circus stands
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection ;
 While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this ; and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old—
 The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns !

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, was born A.D. 1792. From the family residence, Field Place, in Sussex, he was sent to Eton at the age of thirteen, and thence to Oxford, whence he was expelled in consequence of a tract opposed to Christianity which had been brought before the notice of the college-authorities. At eighteen he contracted an unfortunate and ill-assorted marriage ; and at the end of three years he and his wife separated by mutual consent. Her lamentable death, some years afterwards, filled him with sorrow and remorse. After travelling about various parts of England, and a brief residence in Ireland, where he wrote a vehement political pamphlet, Shelley went abroad. In 1816 he resided on the Lake of Geneva, where he formed an intimacy with Lord Byron, by which the poetic taste of the latter was much improved. In 1818 he visited Italy, where he passed almost the whole of his remaining life. He perished on the 4th of July 1822, his boat on the gulf of Spezzia having been upset by a sudden tempest. His remains, with those of his friend Mr. Williams, were washed on shore ; where, a pyre having been built, they were consumed by fire, in the presence of Lord Byron, Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Trelawney. Shelley's heart was preserved, and buried at Rome, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and not far from the remains of Keats, to whose poetic genius he had offered a tribute in the poem entitled "Adonais."

Shelley was but twenty-nine years of age when he perished.

The number of poems which he published during his brief literary career, in spite of calamity, ill-health, and a hectic habit of body amounting to constant disease, attest an extraordinary vigour and industry; while the character of them proves that by few modern writers was he equalled in originality. In him an imagination equally expansive and soaring was combined with a logical subtlety not less remarkable; the faculty of judgment being perhaps the only one wanting to make his intellectual conformation poetically complete. His poetry is to a high degree abstract, abiding almost constantly in the region of speculation and imagination. As a consequence, it is frequently obscure, though written with a scholarly precision, correctness, and pointedness of language. It is unquestionably too remote from human sympathies, and over-brightened with a superfluity of metaphors. These defects are least felt in his lyrical pieces, many of which cannot be surpassed for imaginative sweetness, beauty, and harmony. In early youth his taste had been in a large measure formed by the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; but in maturer life his models were chiefly the Greek poets, especially *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, and, among the moderns, *Calderon* and *Goethe*. Had he lived to mix more with his fellow-men, his poetry would probably have freed itself from one of its defects, viz. the exaggerated degree in which its character is visionary, and acquired a self-possession and collected strength, for which its brilliancy and buoyancy are not adequate substitutes.

There is, however, a blight upon Shelley's poetry, for which he was responsible as a man not less than as an author. In his case, as in that of others among our modern poets,—who lived long enough to repudiate many of their early errors,—philosophical speculation, undirected by any sacred authority to which they could confide their Faith and Conscience, had resulted in infidelity. To Shelley, however, there belonged besides an audacity especially his own. Disposed to look on the whole visible world with an enraptured admiration, his precipitance and self-confidence left his mind no sphere for veneration. The consequence was, that at a period when his proper place was that of a learner, he set himself up for a teacher; and committed himself, in some cases with a blasphemous nakedness of language, to statements, both respecting revealed religion and moral philosophy, which he afterwards regretted; though he had learned but in part to see how fatal such views must prove to that which he so ardently desired, viz. the regeneration of society. The disposition of Shelley was in several respects as richly endowed as his genius. He was unsensual and disinterested; abounding in aspirations and generous affections; burning with zeal for the welfare of his fellow-men, and not immoderately anxious for their praise. Gifts so high, and yet so frustrated, make his example a yet more significant as well as a sadder warning.

CYTHNA.

[From the *Revolt of Islam*.]

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were loadstars of delight, which drew me home
When I might wander forth ; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome
Beyond this child : so when sad hours were come,
And baffled hope like ice still clung to me,
Since kin were cold, and friends had now become
Heartless and false, I turn'd from all to be,
Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.

What wert thou then ? A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine ;
Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage
A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought
Some tale, or thine own fancies, would engage
To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
With passion o'er their depths its fleeting light had wrought.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue
To nourish some far desert ; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream,
Which walks when tempest sleeps the wave of life's dark stream.

As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer and more fair ;
Which clothed in undissolving radiancy
All those steep paths which languor and despair
Of human things had made so dark and bare,
But which I trod alone ; nor, till bereft
Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,
Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was cleft.

Once she was dear, now she was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old ; so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet

Wander'd with mine where earth and ocean meet,
 Beyond the aerial mountains, whose vast cells
 The unreposing billows ever beat,
 Through forests wide and old, and lawny dells,
 Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald wells.

And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
 When twined in mine: she follow'd where I went
 Through the lone paths of our immortal land.
 It had no waste, but some memorial lent
 Which strung me to my toil—some monument
 Vital with mind: then Cythna by my side,
 Until the bright and beaming day were spent,
 Would rest, with looks entreating to abide
 Too earnest and too sweet ever to be denied.

[From *Alastor*.]

* * With rapid steps he went
 Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow
 Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now
 The forest's solemn canopies were changed
 For the uniform and lightsome evening-sky.
 Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed
 The struggling brook: tall spires of windlestræ
 Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope;
 And naught but gnarled roots of ancient pines,
 Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots
 The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,
 Yet ghastly. For as fast years flow away,
 The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin
 And white; and where irradiate dewy eyes
 Had shone, gleam stony orbs,—so from his steps
 Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
 Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
 And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued
 The stream, that with a larger volume now
 Rolled through the labyrinthine dell; and there
 Fretted a path through its descending curves
 With its wintry speed. On every side now rose
 Rocks, which in unimaginable forms
 Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
 In the light of evening, and its precipice
 Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
 'Mid toppling stones, black gulfs, and yawning caves,
 Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues

To the loud stream. Lo ! where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world ; for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracks and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene
In naked and severe simplicity
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response at each pause,
In most familiar cadence with the howl,
The thunder, and the hiss of homeless streams,
Mingling its solemn song ; whilst the broad river,
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void,
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet the gray precipice, and solemn pine,
And torrent, were not all ; one silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity
The dark earth and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror : ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor ; and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore
In wanton sport those bright leaves whose decay,
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,—
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

* * * * *

KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, Oct. 29, 1795. His origin was humble, and his education imperfect; his parents having both died while he was young. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but from the moment that he became acquainted with the works of Spenser and Chaucer his heart was irrevocably devoted to poetry. His first volume met with little attention; and his second one, entitled *Endymion*, and published in 1818, was made the subject of a critical article so contemptuous and virulent, that to his exasperation on reading it the death of the poet, then in infirm health, was ascribed by many. Keats was, however, in spite of his impressionable temperament, a man of too vigorous a nature to be thus affected by any amount of vituperation. The disease of which he died was hereditary consumption. Early in 1820 he fell into a decline. He was ordered to a southern climate; and sailed from England in September, accompanied by a young painter, Mr. Severn, who ministered to his sick friend with the most assiduous affection. Keats went first to Naples, and afterwards to Rome, where, after much suffering, he expired Feb. 23, 1821.

The genius of Keats partook in a remarkable degree of a southern character. It was essentially Greek; and though Keats is said to have known little more of mythology than he had learned from Lempriere's dictionary, an imaginative instinct enabled him to enter into the true spirit of antique fable, and to reproduce it with a life-like reality. He quickly outgrew those affectations of style by which the merits of his earlier compositions had been obscured. Few modern works equal in sublimity the fragment of *Hyperion*; while his *Eve of St. Agnes* and *Isabella*, as well as the Odes written during the last year of his life, possess a noble grace and a classic completeness of outline. The chief characteristic of Keats's poetry is the intensity with which it expresses the sense of Beauty. A prodigal wealth of fancy is in it subordinated to a plastic and ideal imagination; and there is about his later works a classical repose and a handling at once light and strong. The character of his poetry

being, like that of Greek poetry generally, sensuous and *objective*, the more spiritual order of poetic merit is of course not to be looked for in his works. Keats is, perhaps, considering that he died at the age of twenty-five, the most remarkable instance of youthful genius.

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

No ! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years :
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more ;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill ;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting deep in forest dear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to light you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold ;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting-ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment
Down beside the pasture Trent ;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din ;
Gone the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené shawe ;"—

All are gone away and past !
 And if Robin should be cast
 Sudden from his tufted grave,
 And if Marian should have
 Once again her forest-days,
 She would weep, and he would craze :
 He would swear, for all his oaks,
 Fall'n beneath the dockyard-strokes,
 Have rotted on the briny seas ;
 She would weep that her wild bees
 Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
 Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing
 Honour to the old bow-string !
 Honour to the bugle-horn !
 Honour to the woods unshorn !
 Honour to the Lincoln-green !
 Honour to the archer keen !
 Honour to tight Little John,
 And the horse he rode upon !
 Honour to bold Robin Hood,
 Sleeping in the underwood !
 Honour to Maid Marian,
 And to all the Sherwood clan !
 Though their days have hurried by,
 Let us two a burden try.

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft beneath thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while the hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnat mourns
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs bleat loud from hilly bourns.
 Hedge-crickets sing : and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk ;
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth !
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim !

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou amid the leaves hast never known,—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here where men sit and hear each other groan ;

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last, gray hairs ;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Nor young Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;
 Already with thee ! Tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;
 But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
 And mid May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and—for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath—
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down :
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown ;
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fated to do, deceiving elf !
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades.

Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?—
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

ROGERS.

SAMUEL ROGERS WAS BORN A.D. 1765, and died A.D. 1855. His poetry has no claim to great originality or high imagination ; but it possesses in an eminent degree the merits of good taste, refinement, and careful composition. Goldsmith was in the main the model on whom Rogers formed his style. It was his fortune to be regarded as a classic during many years of his long life : nor will he soon be forgotten, though it is unlikely that his works will retain a celebrity like that which, without flattering any weakness in public taste, they so early acquired, and so long enjoyed.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

The sails were furl'd ; with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,—
Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes and islands of the blest ;
And human voices on the silent air
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there !

Chosen of men ! 'Twas thine at noon of night
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light :
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul and makes the darkness day !)
“ Pedro ! Rodrigo ! there methought it shone !
There—in the west ! and now, alas, 'tis gone !—
'Twas all a dream ! we gaze and gaze in vain !
But mark and speak not, there it comes again !

It moves !—what form unseen, what being there
 With torch-like lustre fires the murky air ?
 His instincts, passions, say, how like our own !
 O, when will day reveal a world unknown ?
 Long on the deep the mists of morning lay ;
 Then rose, revealing as they rolled away
 Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
 Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods :
 And say, when all, to holy transport given,
 Embraced and wept as at the gates of heaven,—
 When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
 And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man,—
 Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
 Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies ?
 “ Glory to God ! ” unnumbered voices sung,—
 “ Glory to God ! ” the vales and mountains rung,
 Voices that hailed creation’s primal morn,
 And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
 The sacred cross, and kneeling kissed the shore.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To Modena, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 Bologna’s bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee through their arched walks,
 Dim, at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day. A summer sun
 Sets ere one half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
 Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.
 ’Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Donte by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,

Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand with her heart in it to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love;"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
But that she was not ! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived, and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were passed, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold !
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ Ginevra ! ” There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RIVULET.

I come from haunts of coot and heron
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel,
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,—
 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.
 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.
 I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

Tennyson.

ST. AGNES.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon;
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes,
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord;
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.
 As these white robes are soiled and dark
 To yonder shining ground,
 As this pale taper's earthly spark
 To yonder argent round;

So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far
 Through all yon starlight keen
 Draw me Thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! The gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The Sabbaths of eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride.

Tennyson.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure ;
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel ;
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel.
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists ;
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in shadows
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall !
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall ;
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine ;
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
The mightier transports move and thrill :
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims ;
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride,
I hear a voice, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean ;
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board, no helmsman steers,—
I float till all is dark :
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And, starlike, mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne,
Through dreaming towns I go
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow :
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, singing, spins from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height,
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden-knight,—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear,—
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,—
 This weight and size,—this heart and eyes
 Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And through the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls ;
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 " O just and faithful knight of God,
 Ride on : the prize is near !"
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale ;
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

Tennyson.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

" Try not the pass !" the old man said ;
 " Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!”
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
 But still he answered with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!”
 This was the peasant’s last Good night;
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless but beautiful, he lay;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior! *Longfellow.*

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
 “Life is but an empty dream;”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal;
 “Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting :
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle ;
 Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ;
 Let the dead Past bury its dead ;
 Act,—act in the living Present ;
 Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Foot-prints on the sands of Time ;

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow.

THE DEATHBED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids clos'd—she had
 Another morn than ours.

Hood.

LAGO VARESE.

I stood beside Varese's lake,—
 Mid that redundant growth
 Of vines, and maize, and bower, and brake,
 Which Nature, kind to sloth,
 And scarce solicited by human toil,
 Pours from the riches of the teeming soil.

A mossy softness distance lent
 To each divergent hill:
 One crept away, looking back as it went,
 The rest lay round and still;
 The westering sun, not dazzling now, nor bright,
 Shed o'er the mellow land a molten light.

And, sauntering up a circling cove,
 I found upon the strand
 A shallop, and a girl who strove
 'To drag it to dry land:
 I stood to see—the girl look'd round—her face
 Had all her country's clear and definite grace.

She rested with the air of rest,
 So seldom seen, of those
 Whose toil remitted gives a zest
 Not languor to repose.
 Her form was poised yet buoyant, firm though free;
 And liberal of her bright black eyes was she.

Her hue reflected back the skies,
 Which redden'd in the west;
 And joy was laughing in her eyes,
 And bounding in her breast:
 Its rights and grants exulting to proclaim,
 Where pride had no inheritance, nor shame.

This sunshine of the Southern face,
 At home we have it not;
 And if they be a reckless race,
 These Southerners, yet a lot
 More favour'd on the checker'd earth is theirs,—
 They have life's sorrows, but escape its cares.

For her if Sorrow lay in wait,
 She saw not he was nigh,
 And if a smile could dazzle Fate,
 He might have pass'd her by ;
 O, would that Titian's pencil had been mine !
 Then had that smile been lastingly divine.

There is a smile which wit extorts
 From grave and learned men,
 In whose austere and senile sports
 The plaything is a pen ;
 And there are smiles, by shallow worldlings worn,
 To grace a lie, or laugh a truth to scorn :

And there are smiles with less alloy,
 Of those who, for the sake
 Of some they love, would kindle joy
 Which they cannot partake ;
 But her's was of the kind which simply say
 They come from hearts ungovernably gay.

And O, that gaiety of heart !
 There lives not he to whom
 Its laugh more pleasure will impart
 Than to the man of gloom ;
 Who, if he laugh, laughs less from mirth of mind
 Than deference to the customs of mankind.

The day went down ; the last red ray
 Flush'd on her face or ere
 It sank—and creeping up the bay
 The night-wind stirr'd her hair ;
 The crimson wave caress'd her naked feet
 With coy approach and resonant retreat.

True native of the clime was she,
 Nor could there have been found
 A creature who should more agree
 With every thing around,—
 The woods, the fields, and genial nature, rife
 With life, and gifts that feed and gladden life.

Henry Taylor.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds.

Thou, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,—
 Thou on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

H. K. White.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side
 They filled one home with glee ;
 Their graves are severed far and wide
 By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forests of the west,
 By a dark stream is laid ;
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,—
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain :
 He wrapt his colours round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
 She faded midst Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth ;
 Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And naught beyond, on earth !

Hemans.

THE VOICES OF HOME.

The voices of my home,—I hear them still !
 They have been with me through the dreamy night ;
 The blessed household voices, wont to fill
 My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight !
 I hear them still, unchanged :—though some from earth
 Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright—
 Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home !

They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
 In the gray stillness of the summer morn ;
 They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born :
 Even as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
 On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
 E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till, worn
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
 O for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

And find mine ark !—Yet whither ? I must bear
 A yearning heart within me to the grave.
 I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
 Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
 And sighing through the feathery canes—hath power
 To call up shadows in the silent hour
 From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave.
 So must it be !—These skies above me spread :—
 Are they my own soft skies ?—Ye rest not here, my dead !

Hemans.

MARINER'S HYMN.

Launch thy bark, mariner !
Christian, God speed thee !
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee !
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily ;
Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee ;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef-in the foresail, there !
Hold the helm fast !
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

“ What of the night, watchman ?
What of the night ? ”
“ Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right. ”
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How ! gains the leak so fast ?
Clean out the hold ;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold ;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights ;
Hurra ! the harbour's near—
Lo, the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land ;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam ;
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home !

Mrs. Southey.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we stediastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

THE CHAPEL BY THE SHORE.

By the shore a plot of ground
Clips a ruin'd chapel round,
Buttress'd with a grassy mound,
Where day and night and day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
 Shaking of the guardian trees,
 Piping of the salted breeze :
 Day and night and day go by
 To the ceaseless tune of these.

Or when, as wind and waters keep
 A hush more dead than any sleep,
 Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
 And day and night and day go by—
 Here the stillness is most deep.

And the ruins, lapsed again
 Into nature's wide domain,
 Sow themselves with seed and grain,
 As day and night and day go by,
 And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;
 And now the graves are also dead,
 And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
 As day and night and day go by,
 And stars move calmly over-head.

Allingham.

A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

It was a holy usage to record
 Upon each refectory's side or end
 The last mysterious supper of our Lord,
 That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent-palace of old Spain,—
 Rich with the gifts and monuments of kings,—
 Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
 The sov'ran glory of those wondrous things.

A painter of far fame, in deep delight,
 Dwelt on each beauty he so well discern'd ;
 While, in low tones, a gray Geronomite
 This answer to his ecstasy return'd.

“ Stranger ! I have received my daily meal
 In this good company now three-score years ;
 And thou, whoe'er thou art, canst hardly feel
 How time these lifeless images endears.

Lifeless ! ah, no, while in mine heart are stored
 Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
 Familiar places vacant round our board,
 And still *that* silent supper lasting on !

While I review my youth,—what I was then,—
 What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all,—
 It seems as if *these* were the living men,
 And *we* the colour'd shadows on the wall."

Lord Hough'on

THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

It is the midnight hour :—the beauteous sea,
 Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses ;
 While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
 Far down within the watery sky reposes.
 The mighty moon she sits above,
 Encircled with a zone of love,—
 A zone of dim and tender light,
 That makes her wakeful eye more bright :
 She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
 And the night looks like a mellow'd day !
 The gracious Mistress of the Main
 Hath now an undisturb'd reign ;
 And from her silent throne looks down,
 As upon children of her own,
 On the waves that lend their gentle breast
 In gladness for her couch of rest !

Wilson.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion there was rest :
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Wilson.

TC T. L. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy ;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down and think
 Of all thy winning ways ;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.
 Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid :
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now ;
 And calmly midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow ;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness ;
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new ;
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father, too ;
 My light where'er I go,
 My bird when prison-bound,
 My hand-in-hand companion,—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed"—
 "His voice—his face—'tis gone !"
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on ;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep insure
 That it will not be so.

Yes still he's fixed and sleeping,
 This silence, too, the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seems whispering as a smile :
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of cherubim,
 Who say, "We've finished here."

Leiah Hunt.

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,—
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green ;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And there 's a crystal clearness all about ;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out ;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze,
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage-trees ;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil ;
 And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea—
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
 'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing ;
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
 Like joyful hands, come up with scatterry light,
 Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
 Already in the streets the stir grows loud
 Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
 With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
 The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends ;
 Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
 And shouts from mere exuberance of delight ;
 And armed bands, making important way,
 Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
 And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
 And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

Leigh Hunt.

FUNERAL OF THE LOVERS IN "RIMINI."

The days were then at close of autumn still,
 A little rainy, and towards nightfall chill ;
 There was a fitful moaning air abroad ;
 And ever and anon over the road
 The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
 Whose trunks now thronged to sight in dark varieties.
 The people, who from reverence kept at home,
 Listened til afternoon to hear them come ;

And hour on hour went by, and naught was heard
 But some chance horseman, or the wind that stirred,
 Till towards the vesper-hour ; and then 'twas said
 Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read ;
 And others said that they could hear a sound
 Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
 Still nothing came—till on a sudden, just
 As the wind opened in a rising gust,
 A voice of chanting rose ; and as it spread,
 They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
 It was the choristers, who went to meet
 The train, and now were entering the first street.
 Then turned aside that city, young and old,
 And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
 But of the older people, few could bear
 To keep the window when the train drew near ;
 And all felt double tenderness to see
 The bier approaching slow and steadily,
 On which these two in senseless coldness lay,
 Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
 Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
 In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
 They say, that when Duke Guido saw them come,
 He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
 Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
 None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
 On that same night those lovers silently
 Were buried in one grave under a tree ;
 There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
 In the green ground ; and on fine nights in May
 Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

Leigh Hunt

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us ; and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who have never
 Been dead indeed, as we shall know for ever.
 Alas ! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
 Or may be, if they will and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
 A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Leigh Hunt

THE BRIDAL WAKE.

The priest stood at the marriage board,
 The marriage cake was made;
 With meat the marriage chest was stored,
 Decked was the marriage bed :
 The old man sat beside the fire,
 The mother sat by him ;
 The white bride was in gay attire,
 But her dark eye was dim.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 The night falls quick ; the sun is set ;
 Her love is on the waters yet.

I saw a red cloud in the west,
 Against the morning light—
 Heaven shield the youth that she loves best
 From evil chance to night !
 The door falls back—loud moans the gale !
 Wild fear her bosom fills ;
 It is, it is the Banshee's wail
 Over the darkened hills.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 The day is past ; the night is dark ;
 The waves are mounting round his barque.

The guests sit round the bridal bed,
 And break the bridal cake ;
 But they sit by the dead man's head,
 And hold his wedding wake.
 The bride is praying in her room,
 The place is silent all ;
 A fearful call ! a sudden doom !
 Bridal and funeral !
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 A youth to Kilfiechera's ta'en
 That never will return again.

Gerald Griffin.

THE WAKE OF THE ABSENT.

The dismal yew and cypress tall
 Wave o'er the churchyard lone,
 Where rest our friends and fathers all
 Beneath the funeral-stone.
 Unvexed in holy ground they sleep :—
 Oh, early lost ! o'er thee

No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
No stranger bend the knee.

Mo chuma ! lorn' am I !

Hoarse dashing rolls the salt sea wave
Over our perished darling's grave.

The winds the sullen deep that tore
His death-song chanted loud ;
The weeds that line the clifted shore
Were all his burial-shroud.

For friendly wail and holy dirge,
And long lament of love,
Around him roared the angry surge,
The curlew screamed above.

Mo chuma ! lorn am I !

My grief would turn to rapture now
Might I but touch that pallid brow.

The stream-born bubbles soonest burst
That earliest left their source ;
Buds earliest blown are faded first
In Nature's wonted course.

With guarded pace her seasons creep,
By slow decay expire ;
The young above the aged weep,
The son above the sire :

Mo chuma ! lorn am I !

That Death a backward course should hold,—
Should smite the young and spare the old !

Gerald Griffin.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
The voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead ;
Her lustre one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture the crucifix nailed by her bed ;
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned Head ;
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees ;
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease :

The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined ;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapours of death ;
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace !
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him !

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men ;
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,—
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that dedicate maid ?

Gerald Griffin.

ERNESTO.

Thoughtfully by the side Ernesto sate
Of her whom, in his earlier youth, with heart
Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
That was a season when the untravelled spirit,
Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with soil
Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
Saw none,—or seeing, with triumphant trust
In its resources and its powers, defied,—
Perverse to find provocatives in warnings
And in disturbance taking deep delight.
By sea or land he then saw rise the storm
With a gay courage, and through broken lights,
Tempestuously exalted, for awhile
His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar

Of shattered forests sang superior songs
 With kindling, and what might have seemed to some
 Auspicious energy. By land and sea
 He was way-foundered—trampled in the dust
 His many-coloured hopes, his lading rich
 Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
 In absolute shipwreck to the winds and waves
 Suddenly rendered.

By her side he sate :
 But Time had been between and woven a veil
 Of seven years' separation, and the past
 Was seen with softened outlines, like the face
 Of Nature through a mist. What was so seen ?
 In a short hour, there sitting with his eyes
 Fixed on her face, observant though abstracted,
 Lost partly in the past, but mixing still
 With his remembrances the life before him,
 He traced it all—the pleasant first accost,
 Agreeable acquaintance, growing friendship,
 Love, passion at the culminating point
 When in a sleeping body through the night
 The heart would lie awake, reverses next
 Gnawing the mind with doubtfulness, and last
 The affectionate bitterness of love refused.

—Rash had he been by choice—by wanton choice
 Deliberately rash ; but in the soil
 Where grows the bane, grows too the antidote ;
 The same young-heartedness which knew not fear
 Renounced despondency, and brought at need,
 With its results, resources. In his day
 Of utter condemnation there remained
 Appeal to that imaginative power
 Which can commute a sentence of sore pain
 For one of softer sadness, which can bathe
 The broken spirit in the balm of tears.
 And more and better to after days ; for soon
 Upsprang the mind within him, and he knew
 The affluence and the growth which nature yields
 After an overflow of loving grief.
 Hence did he deem that he could freely draw
 A natural indemnity. The tree
 Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
 By its own fallen leaves ; and man is made
 In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
 And things that seem to perish. Through the stress
 And fever of his suit, from first to last,

His pride (to call it by no nobler name)
 Had been to love with reason and with truth,
 To carry clear through many a turbulent trial
 A perspicacious judgment and true tongue,
 And neither with fair word nor partial thought
 To flatter whom he loved. If pride it was
 To love and not to flatter, by a breath
 Of purer aspiration was he moved
 To suffer and not blame, grieve not resent ;
 And when all hopes that needs must knit with self
 Their object, were irrevocably gone,
 Cherish a mild commemorative love,
 Such as a mourner might unblamed bestow
 On a departed spirit.

Once again

He sate beside her—for the last time now.
 And scarcely was she altered ; for the Hours
 Had led her lightly down the vale of life,
 Dancing and scattering roses, and her face
 Seemed a perpetual daybreak, and the woods
 Where'er she rambled, echoed through their aisles
 The music of a laugh so softly gay
 That spring with all her songsters and her songs
 Knew nothing like it. But how changed was he !
 Care and disease and ardours unrepressed,
 And labours unremitted, and much grief,
 Had written their death-warrant on his brow.
 Of this she saw not all—she saw but little—
 That which she could not choose but see she saw—
 And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
 A shadow fell—a transitory shade—
 And when the phantom of a hand she clasped
 At parting, scarce responded to her touch,
 She sighed—but hoped the best.

When winter came

She sighed again ; for with it came the word
 That trouble and love had found their place of rest,
 And slept beneath Madeira's orange-groves.

Henry Taylor.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS PICTON,

SLAIN AT WATERLOO.

Oh give to the hero the death of the brave !
 On the field where the might
 Of his fame sheds a light
 Through the gloom that o'ershadows the grave.

Let him not be laid on the feverish bed ;
 There to waste like the ray
 Of a taper away,
 And live till the spirit be dead.

Oh no ! he should lie on Fame's deathbed of pride—
 Sword in hand on the plain
 'Mid the throng of the slain,
 Where the trumpet of victory sang as he died.

No—not with the stealth of disease let him die—
 He should bound on the flood
 Of his fame and his blood
 To the hero's bright home of the sky !

For the life-blood whose stream to our country is given,
 In the pride of its worth
 Shall be honour'd on earth,
 And the spirit be hallow'd in heaven.

Such fate, gallant Picton, was thine—when the few
 Who survived thee in fight
 Won the day by the light
 Which thy deeds shed around Waterloo.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.¹

SONNET.—THE SHANNON.

River of billows ! to whose mighty heart
 The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea ;
 River of quiet depths ! by cultured lea,
 Romantic woods, or city's crowded mart ;
 River of old poetic founts, which start
 From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and free,
 Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the woodlark's glee,
 And cushat's hymeneal song apart ;
 River of chieftains ! whose baronial halls,
 Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
 Portumna's towers, Bunratty's royal walls,
 Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's gray keep—
 River of dark mementoes ! must I close
 My lips with Limerick's wrong, with Aghrim's woes ?

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

¹ Born at Currah Chase, in the county of Limerick, Ireland, August 28, 1788 ;
 died at the same place, July 28, 1846.

SONNET.—THE TRUE BASIS OF POWER.

Power's footstool is Opinion, and his throne
 The human heart ; thus only Kings maintain
 Prerogatives God-sanctioned. The coarse chain
 Tyrants would bind around us may be blown
 Aside, like foam that with a breath is gone ;
 For there's a tide within the popular vein
 That despots in their pride may not restrain,
 Swoln with a vigour that is all its own.
 Ye who would steer along these doubtful seas,
 Lifting your proud sails to high heaven, beware !
 Rocks thron'g the waves, and tempests load the breeze.
 Go, search the shores of History—mark there
 The Oppressor's lot, the Tyrant's destinies :
 Behold the Wreck of Ages, and despair !

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

SONNET.—THE SOLDIERS OF SARSFIELD.

Before the standards of his daughter flying,
 By Boyne's dark stream, even as a stag at bay,
 Stood hapless James in arms ; yet loathed to slay :
 One faithful Band alone, 'mid foes defying,
 And perjured friends, deserting and denying,
 Clung round him as a breastplate through that day ;
 The fate they might avert not to delay.
 There, where ill-omened Dane and Dutchman dying
 Lay thickest, his wild slogan o'er the plain
 Sarsfield's indomitable soldiers pealed,
 In vain, alas, for James ! but not in vain
 For vengeance ! Soon Almanza heard once more
 That cry ; and Fontenoy's disastrous field
 Those fatal bayonets dyed with kindred gore.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

SONNET.—TIME.

Seen through pure crystal the imprisoned sand
 Without a murmur counts its flowing hour ;—
 The dial's shifting bar of shade ;—the hand
 Of the hall-clock, that with a lifelike power
 Moves undisturbed :—the equal pulse of Time
 Throbs on, as beats man's heart in happy health,
 Not noticed, yet how sure ! with easy stealth,
 Unwearied in its ministry sublime :—
 And there are those to whom the matin lark

Proclaims day's duties, or the cock, whose cheer
 Came sad to panic-stricken Simon's ear,
 When for a little moment Faith was dark :—
 Frail heart !—that still believed, yet shook to hear
 The storm of man's vain anger round his barge !

John Anster

BALLAD.

The summer sun was sinking
 With a mild light, calm and mellow ;
 It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
 And his loose locks of yellow ;
 The robin was singing sweetly,
 And his song was sad and tender ;
 And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
 Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.
 My little boy lay on my bosom
 While his soul the song was quaffing,
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.
 I sat alone in my cottage,
 The midnight needle plying ;
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light
 In the socket now was dying.
 There came a hand to my lonely latch,
 Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,
 For I heard my little boy groaning ;
 I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
 But that night my child departed—
 They left a weakling in its stead,
 And I am broken-hearted !
 Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
 For his eyes are dim and hollow :
 My little boy is gone—is gone,
 And his mother soon will follow !
 The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
 And the Mass be chanted meetly ;
 And I shall sleep with my little boy,
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.¹

John Anster.

¹ She supposes her child to have been stolen by a fairy; a common superstition in Ireland.

TO ———.

Oh ! if, as Arabs fancy, the traces on thy brow
 Were symbols of thy future fate, and I could read them now,
 Almost without a fear would I explore the mystic chart,
 Believing that the world were weak to darken such a heart.

As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young eyes,
 The skies above are very heaven, the earth is paradise ;
 The birds that glance in joyous air—the flowers that happiest
 be,
 That “toil not, neither do they spin,”—are they not types of
 thee ?

And yet, and yet, beloved child, to thy enchanted sight,
 Blest as the present is, the days to come seem yet more bright ;
 For thine is hope, and thine is love, and thine the glorious
 power
 That gives to hope its fairy light, to love its richest dower.

For me that twilight time is past—those sunrise colours gone—
 The prophecies of childhood, and the promises of dawn ;
 And yet what is, though scarcely heard, will speak of what has
 been,
 While Love assumes a gentler tone, and Hope a calmer mien.

Oh ! could we know, oh ! could we feel, that blessings haunt
 each spot,—
 Even children—each its angel hath—albeit we see them not,—
 That earth to them who live in faith, still is what they believe,
 And they who fear deception most, themselves indeed deceive !

My child, my love, my Nannie, at this hour my heart flows free,
 And wanders over field and flower where I have strayed with
 thee ;
 Thy very voice, thy very smile, is present with me still,
 And it commands me from afar, almost against my will.

To-day I trod enchanted ground, and saw the sunset gleam
 Upon Kilcoleman's fading tower, and Spenser's lonely stream ;
 Even then, as in my youth, I felt the minstrel shadows come,
 And my heart—that sported all day long—sank powerless, pas-
 sive, dumb.

How was it that thine image, Anne, was with me in that hour,
 All that thou wert, and art,—and when my soul resumed its
 power,

I sought—I almost fear in vain—that feeling to prolong,
 And give it utterance in verse. Accept, forgive the song!
John Anster.

VERSES

Made by Chedlock Ticheborne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's-Inn Fields for treason, 1586.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain.
 The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;
 I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;
 I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb;
 And now I die, and now I am but made.
 The glass is full, and now my glass is run,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

Sweet solitary life, thou true repose,
 Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,
 In thee no dread of war or worldly foes,
 In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight;
 In thee no wanton cares to win with words,
 Nor lurking toys, which city-life affords.

At peep of day, when in her crimson pride
 The morn bespreads with roses all the way
 Where Phoebus' coach with radiant course must glide,
 The hermit bends his humble knees to pray;
 Blessing that God whose bounty did bestow
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.

Whether with solace tripping on the trees
 He sees the citizens of forest sport,

Or midst the withered oak beholds the bees
 Intend' their labour with a kind consort,²
 Down drop his tears to think how they agree,
 Where men alone with hate inflamed be.

Taste he the fruits that spring from Tellus³ womb,
 Or drink he of the crystal springs that flow,
 He thanks his God, and sighs their cursed doom
 That fondly wealth in surfeiting bestow;
 And with Saint Hierom saith, "The desert is
 A paradise of solace, joy, and bliss."

Father of light, thou Maker of the Heaven,
 From whom my being well, and being springs,
 Bring to effect this my desired steaven,⁴
 That I may leave the thought of worldly things:
 Then in my troubles I will bless the time
 My Muse vouchsafed me such a lucky rhyme.

Thomas Lodge.⁵

SONNET.—THE HOLY TRINITY.

Great God! within whose simple Essence we
 Nothing but that which is Thyself can find;
 When on Thyself Thou didst reflect Thy mind,
 Thy thought was God, which took the form of Thee:
 And when this God, thus born, Thou lov'dst, and He
 Loved Thee again with passion of like kind
 (As lovers' sighs which meet become one mind),
 Both breathed one Spryght⁶ of equal Deity.
 Eternal Father! whence these two do come,
 That will'st the title of my "Father" have,
 A heavenly knowledge in my mind engrave,
 That it Thy Son's true image may become;
 And sente⁷ my heart with sighs of holy love,
 That it the temple of the Spryght may prove.

Henry Constable.⁸

SONNET.—TO ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

He that for fear his Master did deny,
 And at a maiden's voice amazed stood,
 The mightiest monarch of the earth withstood,
 And on his Master's Cross rejoiced to die.

¹ Attend to.

² Association.

³ The earth.

⁴ Clamour.

⁵ One of the poets of the 16th century. Little is known of him; he is believed to have been a Catholic.

⁶ Spirit.

⁷ Scent.

⁸ One of the Catholic poets of Queen Elizabeth's time.

He whose blind zeal did rage with cruelty,
 And helped to shed the first of martyr's blood,
 By light from Heaven his blindness understood,
 And with the chief Apostle slain doth lie.
 Oh, three times happy Two! oh, golden Pair!
 Who with your blood did lay the Church's ground
 Within the fatal town¹ which Twins did found,
 And settled there the Hebrew Fisher's chair
 Where first the Latin Shepherd raised his throne:—
 Since then the world and Church were ruled by one.

Henry Constable.

GRACE OF CONGRUITY.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those Angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Newman.

HEAVEN.

Weep not for me;—
 Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
 The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free!
 Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
 Nor miss my face, dear friends.
 I still am near;—
 Watching the smiles I prized on Earth,
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
 Now, too, I hear

¹ Rome.

Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

Newman.

CANDLEMAS.

The angel-lights of Christmas morn
Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas
They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,
Although it be divine ;
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone
Old Simeon's tapers shine.

And then for eight long weeks and more
We wait in twilight gray,
Till the tall candle sheds a beam
On Holy Saturday.

We wait along the penance-tide
Of solemn fast and prayer ;
While song is hushed, and lights grow dim
In the sin-laden air.

And while the sword in Mary's soul
Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
Of passion and of pride.

And still, though Candlemas be spent
And Alleluiahs o'er,
Mary is music in our need,
And Jesus light in store.

Newman.

ENGLAND.

[From *Sir Lancelot*, book x.]

England ! dear England ! island of the saints !
Thy broad blithe champaign and sheep-spotted wolds,

Thy ferny forest-lands, and hawthorn glades,
Thy park-like fields, and water-meadows green,
And rushy brooks, lie deep within my heart.
Ah ! how I compass with affectionate thought
A thousand sweet localities, whereon
The light of our religious past is blent
With the dark presence of our modern sin !
My boyhood was a year-long pilgrimage,
Amassing pleasant sights, which now are turned
To deeper things than wells of poetry.
And at this tearful hour I summon up,
With individual features all distinct,
Thy lifeless abbeys, and monastic homes,
Quickened with but the semblance of a life,
Thy broken crosses, convent-peopled fens,
Disfigured minsters, fountains, woods, and hills
With saintly surnames ; and I now behold
In accurate vision, thoughtfully composed,
Thy lovely Frame, thy seven and thirty Shires ;
Three goodly Palatines, and Islands five,
With Ely's Royal Franchise for a sixth,
And Town that keeps the sea-gates of the Tweed :
And a bright shade upon the vision falls,
Stooping thereon with palpable embrace.
As when the staff by delegated hands
(How justly figuring England's futile past !)
Laid on his face no sign of life evoked,
Forthwith the Hebrew prophet stretched himself
Upon the Sunamite's sun-stricken child,
Hand touching hand, eye firmly pressing eye,
And living lips upon the dead lips closed,—
Even so methinks her Guardian Angel lies
Incumbent on my native country's breadth,
Limb upon limb at once, and working there
No partial restoration ; and the warmth
So secretly is thrilling through her flesh,
So equally pervading all her veins
With tremulous augmentation ascertained,
The earth is barely conscious of a change,
Though with some half-incredulous fear annoyed
But there lie England and her Angel, shut
From the world's notice, as the prophet was
Left with closed doors upon the lifeless child.
The living Church beyond the seas may pray
The Saxon Saints will intercede above ;
And we, in happy expectation, wait,

Not idle in our measure and degree,
To say, "God speed the silent miracle!"

The Very Rev. F. W. Faber.

MORNING IN STYRIA.

[From *The Styrian Lake.*]

Oh, how beautiful was dawn
On the Styrian mountain-lawn,
When the lights and shadows lay
Where the night strove with the day!
From my window did I look
Upon Salza's glimmering brook,
And the valley dark and deep,
And the ponderous woods asleep;
And I saw the little lake
Like a black spot in the brake.
And the silver crescent moon
Of the greenwood month of June,
Hanging o'er a mountain-top,
Seemed her downward course to stop,
And to look around in wonder
At the landscape brightening under.
In the sky there was a light
Which was not a birth of night;
A stealthy streak, and pearly pale,
Like a white transparent veil;
And there came a chilly breeze,
Like the freshness of the seas,
As though hills and woods on high
Now were breathing heavily;
And among the woodlands wide
Here and there a wild bird cried.
Where the dewy alders grow
I could hear the oxen low;
But the echo that did follow
Was a sound more dead and hollow
Than the leaping voice that fills
Daylight skies and daylight hills.
On the pastures was a light
Which was neither day nor night,
And the dusky frowning wood
Still in moonlight shadows stood.
But a mist o'er Salza's bed
Hovered like a gossamer thread;

And I saw the glorious scene
Every moment grow more green,—
Day encroaching with sweet light
On the fairy-land of night.
I remember well that dawn
On the Styrian mountain-lawn.

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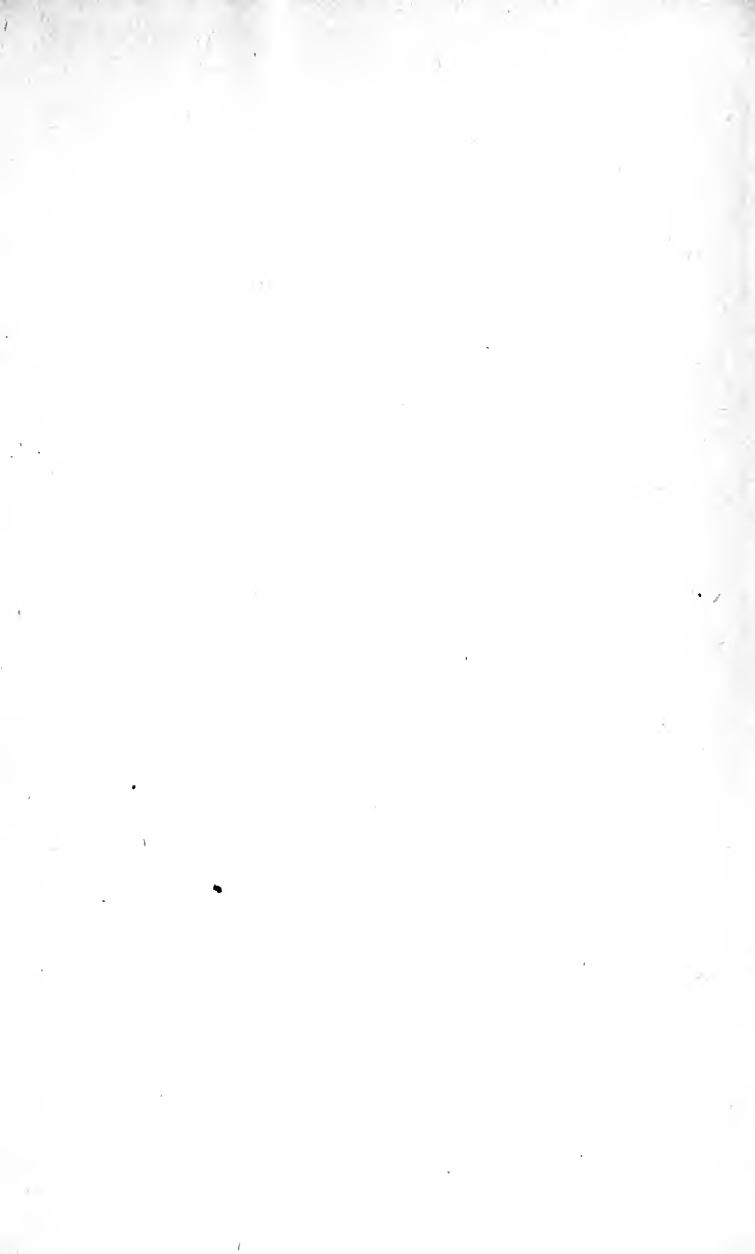
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